

# The Musical World

## AND Dramatic Observer.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

VOL. 71.—No. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

WEEKLY. PRICE 3d.

**ROYAL ACADEMY of MUSIC**, Tenterden-street, W.  
Instituted 1822. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1830.  
Patrons: Her Majesty the QUEEN and the ROYAL FAMILY.  
Principal—Dr. A. C. MACKENZIE.  
NEXT FORTNIGHTLY CONCERT, Jan. 24, 1891, at 8.

JAMES G. SYME, Secretary.

**ROYAL COLLEGE of MUSIC**, Kensington Gore, London.  
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1883.

President—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.  
Director—SIR GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L., LL.D.

The next College Concert will take place on Thursday, 23rd January, 1891, at 8 p.m.  
ELEVEN OPEN FREE SCHOLARSHIPS will be COMPETED FOR in February, 1891.  
Last day for receiving applications, January 12th.

Particulars and forms may be obtained from Mr. George Watson, Registrar, at the College.

CHARLES MORLEY, Hon. Sec.

**TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—For MUSICAL EDUCATION and EXAMINATION.** Inst. 1872.

President—The Right Hon. LORD ST. LEVAN.  
Warden—The Rev. Dr. BONAVIA HUNT, F.R.S.E.  
Director of Studies—Professor BRADBURY TURNER, Mus. B.

The NEXT TERM commences on JANUARY 12th, when new students are received.

The following is a list of the Professors:—  
Professors Higgs, Hunt, Saunders, Turpin, and Turner; Messrs. Bambridge, Barrett, Beuthin, Bolton, Carrodus, B. Carrodus, Cole, Corder, Dubrucq, Dunn, Farinelli, Gibson, Goodworth, Hovelacque, Lazarus, Lockwood, Malsch, Mann, Matthey, Ogbourne, Pearce, Pinney, Radcliff, Reynolds, Semple, Stone, Swinford, Szczepanowski, J. Turpin, Visetti, Warriner, Wells, Willing, and Woolhouse.

A LECTURE on "Music as an Emotional Agent" will be given by FRANK AUSTIN, Esq., L.Mus., on Thursday, 23rd January, at 7 o'clock.  
Prospectuses, with full particulars as to fees, &c., can be obtained post free from the undersigned.

By order of the Academical Board,

Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, W.

SHELLEY FISHER, Secretary.

### CONTENTS.

Facts and Comments .....	23	Reviews .....	33
Franz Liszt on Art-Criticism.....	26	Foreign Notes .....	33
Brighton Musical Fraternity.....	27	"Much Ado About Nothing".....	34
To Miss Sunflower .....	28	The Dramatists.....	35
What Makes a Nation Musical? ..	28	Notes and News.....	35
Music in Italy .....	29	"The Messiah" .....	36
Change in Music .....	29	Reviews .....	37
The Musical Performing Rights ..	31	Concerts .....	38
Exeter Hall Organ Recitals.....	32	Provincial .....	38
Notes .....	32	Why Should Music Be Played?...	38

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For United Kingdom.		For Foreign Countries and Colonies within Postal Union.	
Per Annum .....	£0 15 0	Per Annum .....	£0 17 0
" Half-year .....	0 7 6	" Half-year .....	0 8 6
" Quarter .....	0 3 10	" Quarter .....	0 4 4

(Payable in advance.)

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

- \* \* \* All advertisements for the current week's issue should be lodged with the Printer not later than noon Thursday.
- \* \* \* MSS. and Letters intended for publication must be addressed to THE EDITOR, 396, Strand, W.C. Rejected MSS. cannot be returned unless accompanied by stamped directed envelope.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.**—  
AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager.

Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30. Augustus Harris's Twelfth Drury Lane Pantomime, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, by William Yardley and Augustus Harris. (See daily papers.) Box-office open all day from 10 a.m.

**COVENT GARDEN THEATRE ROYAL.**—Lessee and Manager, AUGUSTUS HARRIS. — EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, A MILLION OF MONEY, the success of the Autumn Dramatic Season, 1890, transferred in its entirety from Drury Lane Theatre. Popular Cheap Prices (see Daily Papers).

### ALBENIZ SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—(Five Morning and Five Evening Concerts).—FIRST CONCERT, TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 27, at 8.15.—Stalls, 5s. (by subscription 4s.); reserved balcony, 3s. (by subscription 2s. 6d.); unreserved seats, 2s.; admission, 1s.; of Chappell and Co.; usual Agents; and Basil Tree, St. James's Hall.

**ALBENIZ SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—FIRST CONCERT, JAN. 27, at 8.15. Pianoforte, Signor Albeniz. Signor Arbos, the eminent violinist (his first appearance in London). Vocalists: Madame Giulia Valda (of the Royal Italian Opera) and Mr. Max Heinrich. Conductor, Mr. Raphael Roche. Subscription for ten concerts: Stalls, 2s.; balcony stalls, 2s. Five concerts: Stalls, 2s.; balcony, 1s.—Farley Sinkins, 24, Brook-street, W.

**THE LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.** Conductor, Mr. Henschel.—The FOUR remaining CONCERTS of the season will take place at ST. JAMES'S HALL on THURSDAY EVENINGS, January 15, 29, February 12 and 26, at 8 o'clock.—Subscription: Sofa stall (for remaining concerts), £1 3s. 4d. Single tickets: Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; area stalls, 5s.; balcony stalls, 5s.; balcony (unreserved), 3s.; admission, 1s., of the usual Agents, and at Basil Tree's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.—N. Vert, 6, Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, W.

**THE CELEBRATED PUMP ROOM ORCHESTRA (BATH),** Conductor, Mr. VAN PRAAG.

is OPEN to RECEIVE OFFERS of PERMANENT ENGAGEMENT for HIGH-CLASS MUSIC.  
Address, 9, Darlington-street, Bath.

### THE VOICE.

Consult JOSIAH RICHARDSON (Voice Specialist) upon all matters connected with Singing and Speaking, such as Full tone, Extension of Compass, Equalisation of Registers, Flexibility, Power, Clear Articulation, &c.

A Set of Ten Studies on Voice Cultivation, the first of the kind ever published. They represent a Unique Method of Voice Culture instituted by the Author. Price, 2s. 6d. Sample on receipt of four stamps.

SCHOOL OF VOICE CULTIVATION, EXETER HALL, STRAND.

### THE ART OF SINGING.

New Edition Revised and Improved of

**A COURSE of STUDY and PRACTICE for the VOICE** By T. WALLWORTH.

A Method as used by the Author in the Royal Academy of Music, and upon which he has cultivated the voices of his Pupils, Madame Alwina Valleria, Mr. Iver M'Kay, and other successful Vocalists.

Full Music Size, price 7s.

London: HAMMOND and CO. (late Jullien), 5, Vigo-street and of the Author, at his residence, 27 Harley-street W.

### SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Per insertion.	Per line after.	Per inch (Displayed advts.)
Special Notices (Front Page, as far as space will permit), Concerts, Theatres, Amusements, Picture Galleries, Dinners, &c., 4 lines or under...	4s. 0d.	0s. 9d.	10s. 0d.
Publishers' Announcements, Trades, Auctions, Houses and Apartments to Let, &c., 6 lines or under.....	3s. 0d.	0s. 6d.	0s. 0d.
Advertisements Over Leader, 4 lines or under .....	6s. 0d.	1s. 6d.	—
Paragraph Advertisements (under reading matter), 4 lines or under .....	6s. 0d.	1s. 6d.	—
Births, Deaths, and Marriages, 4 lines or under.....	2s. 6d.	0s. 6d.	—
Situations, Vacant or Wanted, 4 lines or under.....	2s. 0d.	0s. 6d.	—

Quarter, Half, or Whole Pages as per arrangement with Manager.

# SPECIAL TINNED TUBES

FOR  
TUBULAR PNEUMATIC ORGANS.

MELLOWES and CO., Lead Pipe Works, SHEFFIELD.

## DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE.

For Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Relaxed Throat, also for Improving the Voice.

FOR SINGING and SPEAKING

Without fatiguing the Voice.

Celebrated in every town in Europe, India, America, and the Colonies. Testimonials from Patti, Trebelli, Patey, Santley, and the most eminent medical men.

Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; also in bottles for abroad.

### "MUSICAL CELEBRITIES."

WRITE TO

ELLIOTT AND FRY,

55, BAKER STREET, LONDON,

FOR THEIR LIST OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF ABOVE, WHICH IS  
REALLY ALMOST COMPLETE.

LIST OF SOME OF THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MUSIC PUBLISHERS,

NEWSAGENTS, &c., OF WHOM

"THE MUSICAL WORLD" MAY BE PURCHASED OR ORDERED.

W.C.		W.	
Hansard Publishing	12, Catherine-street.	Keith Prowse & Co.	Langham Hotel.
Union	Angel-court, Strand.	Cooper	Fouberts - place, Regent-street.
Vickers, G.	186, Strand.	Hayes, J.	26, Rupert - street, Shaftesbury-avenue.
Smith & Son	Southampton-row.		
Parnell	E.C.		
Allen, E. W.	Ave Maria-lane.		
Kingsbury	Fetter-lane.		
Marshall and Co.	Fleet-street.		
Willing and Co.	Farringdon-st. Railway Station.		
Davis, H.	Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Hill.		
Cole, A.	97, Queen - street, Cheapside.		
Dawson and Sons	121, Cannon-street.		
Simpson	Red Lion-crt, Fleet-st. W.		
Novello	1, Berners-st., Oxford-street.		
L. M. P. Co.	59, Great Marlboro'-st.		
Templeton	26, Great Portland-st.		
Polytechnic	Regent-street.		
Holmes	Chapel-place.		
Pitman	41, High-st., Notting Hill.		
Marriott	235, Oxford-street.		
Chappell	50, New Bond-street.		
Cramer	Regent-street.		
Weekes	14, New Bond-street.		
Woolhouse	81, Regent-street.		
Hay, A.	Old Bond-street.		
Hopkinson	New Bond-street.		
Chard, G.	30, Charlotte - street, Fitzroy-square.		
Purkess	Compton Street.		

W.C.		W.	
Birkenhead—		Gloucester—	
Ryall and Jones	Music Warehouse.	Dancey, C. H.	8, Barton-street.
Chester, W.	Palace place.	Hastings—	
Birmingham—		Whiteman, S.	1, York-buildings.
Rogers & Priestley	71 to 73, Colmore-row.	Huddersfield—	
Sabin & Stockley	123, Colmore-row.	Marshall	4, Byrann-street.
Bolton—		Leeds—	
Parvin & Son	Music Warehouse.	Ramsden, A.	12, Park-row.
Brighton—		Liverpool—	
BEAL & SON	55, East-street.	Smith & Son, J. P.	78, Lord-street.
Bristol—		Forsyth	
Smith & Son, J. P.	Royal Promenade.	Manchester—	
Brunt & Co.	St. Augustine's Parade	Heywood, J.	
Cambridge—		Kitchen, V. T.	431, Oxford-street.
Smith and Son	7 Rose-crescent	Nottingham—	
Cheltenham—		Farmer	1, High-street.
Dale, Forty & Co.	omenade-villas.	Oxford—	
Dover—		Russell & Co.	High-street.
Cuff Brothers	New Bridge-street.	Portsmouth—	
Edinburgh—		Treakell, Creber &	
Paterson and Son	27, George-street.	Storry	Music Warehouse.
Folkestone—		Sheffield—	
Earl	High-street.	Rogder	Norfolk Market.

## MR. DANIEL MAYER

Desires that all Communications be Addressed to him direct concerning the following Artists.

### SOPRANOS.

Mrs. HUTCHINSON.  
Miss CARLOTTA ELLIOT.  
Miss ALICE GOMEZ.  
Mlle. MARIE DE LIDO.  
Miss JENNY EDDISON.  
Miss ANNIE CHAI PELL.  
Mrs. HERRING-MASON.  
Miss ELEANOR FARNOL.  
Miss ISIDORA MARTINEZ.  
Miss EMILY DAVIES.  
Miss MADELINE HARDY.  
Miss ANNA RUSSELL.  
Miss DELVES-YATES.  
Madame SEMBRICH.  
Madame TAVARY. and  
Miss AMY SHERWIN.  
MISS VON DOENHOFF.  
Miss AMY SANDON.  
Madame OSBORNE WILLIAMS.  
Miss L. DELVES-YATES.  
Miss AMY MARTIN.  
Madame SCHLUTER.  
Miss LUCIE JOHNSTONE.  
Miss ALICE LAME.  
Miss HELEN MARCHANT.

### TENORS.

Mr. HIRWEN JONES.  
GIOVANNI DEMETRESCO.  
DURWARD LELY.  
Mr. ORLANDO HARLEY.  
Mr. EDWARD HOUGHTON.  
Mr. RECHAB TANDY.  
Mr. BEN DAVIES.  
Mr. PHILLIPS-TOMES.  
Mr. CHAS. ELLISON.  
Mr. WILLIAM FOXON.  
Herr VON ZUR MUHLEN.  
Mr. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

### BARITONES.

Mr. FRANGCON-DAVIES.  
Mr. DAVID BISPMAY.  
Mr. MACLEOD RAMSAY.  
Mr. DOUGLAS POWELL.  
Mr. CHARLES COPELAND.  
Mr. EUGENE OUDIN.  
Mr. LUCAS WILLIAMS.

### BASSES.

Mr. PLUNKET GREENE.  
Mr. NORMAN SALMOND.  
Mr. CHILVER-WILSON.  
Signor NOVARA.

### INSTRUMENTALISTS.

#### VIOLIN.

Mr. FELIX BERBER.  
Mr. WILLY HESS.  
Miss MARIE DOUGLAS.  
Mr. T. J. MILNE.  
M. EMILE DE MLYNARSKI.  
M. ONDRICK.  
Mons. JOHANNES WOLFF.  
Mons. EMIL SAURET.  
Miss ANGELA VANBROUGH.  
Miss HILDA MEREDYTH.  
M. WOLTMANN.  
Miss STEWART-WOOD.  
M. YSAIE.

#### VIOLONCELLO.

Mlle. FLESCHELLE.  
Mr. LEO STERN.  
Master GERARDY.

#### PIANOFORTE.

Mme. TERESA CARRENO.  
Mr. EUGENE D'ALBERT.  
Mr. ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM.  
Mme. SOPHIE MENTER.  
Mons. PADEREWSKI.  
Master ISIDORE PAVIA.  
Mr. C. F. REDDIE.  
Herr ANTON RUBINSTEIN.  
Mr. MARMADUKE M. BARTON.  
Herr SCHARWENKA.  
Herr BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN.  
Miss MARGARET WILD.  
Herr ZELDENRUST.  
Mr. EDGAR HULLAND.  
Mr. GRAHAM P. MOORE.

#### ACCOMPANISTS.

Mr. GEO. CLUTSAM.  
Herr OTTO CANTOR.  
Mr. THEO. WARD.

(Complete List forwarded on Application.)

## MR. DANIEL MAYER'S TOURS.

### MR. SIMS REEVES'S FAREWELL.

Including Miss AMY SHERWIN, Miss ADA TOMLINSON, Mr. DOUGLAS POWELL, Mlle. JANOTHA, and Mr. PERCY SHARMAN.  
Positively Final Appearances previously to his great Farewell at Albert Hall, when Madame CHRISTINE NILSSON will specially come to England to assist at the Concert.

### HERR STAVENHAGEN'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS,

DURING JANUARY, FEBRUARY, AND MARCH, 1891.

Assisted from January 7 to February 7 by Miss AGNES DENIS, the Great German Soprano.

### MADAME SOPHIE MENTER,

PIANOFORTE RECITALS, MARCH, 1891.

### MRS. ALICE SHAW AND MR. WOLTMANN AND PARTY.

Great Tour through Hungary, Russia, the Balkan Provinces, and the Caucasus.  
COMMENCING NOVEMBER 1, AT BUDA PESTH.

MR. DANIEL MAYER DESIRES EARLY APPLICATION FOR  
VACANT DATES FOR ANY OF THE ABOVE TOURS.

## DANIEL MAYER,

CONCERT AND OPERA AGENT,

180, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W

Telegraphic Address: "LISZT, LONDON."

Sole Representative for the United Kingdom of Concert Director Herman Wolff, Berlin  
Sole Representative of M. Jules Zet, St. Petersburg and Moscow.



A BLESSING IN EVERY FAMILY.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT.**—These Remedies have stood the test of Fifty Years' Experience, and are pronounced the best medicines for family use. Tens of thousands of written testimonials bear witness to their marvellous curative properties. They are acknowledged by the whole civilised world to be of the greatest efficacy in every form of disease. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors. Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 78, New Oxford-street, London. N.B.—Advice gratis at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 3, or by letter.

# The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

## FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Whether the English people are—or are not—musical is plainly the question of the hour. Apart from the artistic significance of the discussion which has been carried on with such spirit in the columns of the "Standard," it must be readily admitted that the topic is a very good substitute for the "Angelic Choir," or General Booth's scheme for the universal salvation of mankind, or any other of the things with which editors are wont to fill their pages when there is a dearth of murders. And after all, English musicians (if any such there be) feel a certain amount of curiosity as to the results of the battle. Mr. Algernon Ashton, known to many as a clever composer, sounded the charge and led the conflict. Mr. Ashton appears as the apologist for the English nation, and says that we *are* musical; he says that "people prefer listening to music performed in their own houses rather than be at the trouble of journeying a long way to a concert, thereby wasting their time and risking their health." That last sentence is remarkable; for not the most palpable Philistine among us had yet dared to say, in such sweeping fashion, that he who goes to a concert necessarily wastes his time. Perhaps it is Mr. Ashton's modesty—for his own compositions are (sometimes) played at concerts. Moreover, the implication that everybody can have music performed in his own house as well as it can be performed in St. James's Hall is as remarkable as it is inaccurate. The dwellers in St. John's Wood (Mr. Ashton lives there) may be sufficiently cultured—not to say rich—for this kind of thing; but then St. John's Wood is not London; and of the poor two thousand amateurs who might, if they choose, support Sir Charles Hallé and Mr. Henschel there can scarcely be twenty who are as fortunate as Mr. Ashton. No; we fear that he who undertakes to prove the claims of the English people to be regarded as musical must rest his arguments upon something more substantial than the excellence of our domestic music.

Other correspondents have alleged that the defective ventilation of St. James's Hall is the real reason for the moral failure of the orchestral concerts; which argument, if pushed to its logical conclusion, simply proves that the ballad-lovers (who are not kept away from the ballad concerts by any fear of draughts) are made of sterner stuff than those who seek pleasure in music of a higher order. This is quite a new statement of the theory that high art makes for refinement; but still, Goliath was a giant, and probably cared little about draughts. So there may be something in it, and future generations will have to make their choice between bad music accompanied by robust health and good music accompanied

by delicate health. Then others, amongst them Mr. Henry M. Morris, the well-known amateur violinist, point out, as we have already done, that the public loves individuality; so that they will flock to hear a famous or a well-advertised performer, no matter what he plays or how he plays it. But perhaps the most important letter was that from "An Old Musical Critic," who stated his belief that neither Sir Charles Hallé nor Mr. Henschel, admirable musicians though both are, possesses that peculiar virtue which makes a great conductor in sufficient degree to "draw." It must be frankly admitted that this contention is not altogether without a certain amount of plausibility, and it is certainly true that Dr. Richter *can* fill St. James's Hall. But even he cannot induce his patrons to attend when a new English work is performed, and besides he has not, in recent seasons at least, given an orchestral concert without aid from any soloists, vocal or instrumental. So there seems little hope of procuring an acquittal for the English people. They are obstinately impervious to the beauties of the highest forms of musical art, and however passionately Mr. Ashton and his friends may plead with the Muses, we mark the growing scorn under the "solemn fillets" of those ladies.

\* \*

And now Mr. William Archer has taken the floor, and, with his accustomed candour, has confessed himself among the Philistines. It is a very sad thing, this spectacle of so brilliant a gentleman avowing that he, too, is unmusical; for it might have been hoped that one who has fought so gallantly for the highest forms of dramatic art would have been with us in the battle between the music of effete convention and the music of sincerity. He is, so far, a Lost Leader; if we had not exactly "lived in his mild and magnificent eye" we had at least loved and honoured him. And now the sad conviction is borne upon us that we shall not be inspired by any songs from his lyre; for it appears that he is equally ready to tune that weapon to the strains of "Tommy, make room for your uncle," or of "Che farò." These deplorable confessions are made in the course of an article, entitled "A Plea for the Unmusical," which he has contributed to the first number of "Groombridge's Magazine"—which, let us say in passing, is a very welcome addition to the long list of "monthlies." Herein Mr. Archer recounts his musical experiences, of which the sum appears to be that as a little boy he could whistle "Bonnie Dundee" in tolerable tune; and that now he ranks himself with the American critic who did not know a symphony from a boiler explosion. It should be added, by way of extenuation, that Mr. Archer finds pleasure in the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and can yet worship the creator of "Tristan und Isolde;" that there are times when he "conceives such tone poems as 'Lascia ch'io pianga' and 'Che farò' to be the very noblest, most godlike achievements of the human spirit." But—and here is what Mr. Archer has really been panting to say—he cannot tell why "Che farò" is superior to "Tommy make room for your uncle;" and the real purpose of his article is to demand the production of a psychology of music which shall define the laws on which depend the sublimity of "Che farò" and the triviality of the exhortation to Thomas.

\* \*

It appears, therefore, that Mr. Archer's article is but a fuller statement of the question, *Sonate, que me vult-tu?*—of the old discussion as to the meaning of music. And it is at least useful to have the case for the unmusical stated by one of themselves, and by one whose brilliant literary attainments enables him to state his defence with clearness. Now, in reply to his arguments, we have sorrowfully to admit that music has hitherto been able to

JOHN BROADWOOD AND SONS,  
Pianoforte Makers  
TO THE COURT FROM THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.  
33, Great Pulteney Street, W.

give but an incomplete account of herself. Perhaps it is that she is hardly yet out of short petticoats, and, although she may have the graces and possibilities of "sweet seventeen," is somewhat afflicted with the evasiveness of that ingenuous age. Still, Mr. Archer can hardly have searched with any great amount of perseverance for such explanations as, he says, are lacking. In rejecting Schopenhauer's musical metaphysics he is no doubt right; there is little to be got therefrom on which to build a synthetic philosophy of the art, and it is to be regretted that musicians, as a rule, are not endowed to any large extent with the analytical faculty, and are not able to give to the outsider any accurate idea of the object and methods of their art. The creative gift is, of course, rarely allied with the critical; but indeed there are many musicians who think the analysis of the beauties of their art an unpardonable sacrilege. But still it would seem that Mr. Archer, in his Lamb-like indifference to most music, has not searched very thoroughly for help. He seems rather to glory, or at least to cheerfully acquiesce in the completeness with which he shares that Elian opinion of the "measured malice of music." At any rate, he quite ignores the existence of works by a certain Herbert Spencer, which might have helped him a good deal. Mr. Spencer has clearly shown that music makes a threefold appeal to us—to our sensations, our perceptions, our emotions. We need not here attempt to explain the precise significance which Mr. Spencer attaches to these terms; Mr. Archer may be referred to the October issue of "Mind," in which the philosopher's views were re-stated with his familiar lucidity.

\* \*

It would further appear that Mr. Archer's musical sense, like that of many others, is limited in the direction of *intellectual* appreciation. He cannot listen to a symphony because he cannot or will not attend with sufficient earnestness to the formal developments, or watch the intricate complexities of structure. If he repudiates this, however, he will be obliged to admit that he has not yet reached the standpoint from which orchestral music is seen to be as adequate a medium for the conveyance of emotion as music which is accompanied by words: and for this we fear there is no remedy outside himself. But let us reason together on this point, Mr. Archer. Instrumental music is not only as adequate a medium for this purpose as music with words—it is, for certain purposes, more adequate. There are some poems in which the images and conceptions at a particular point may contradict the general emotion which pervades the poem. In dealing with such a poem it may sometimes be possible for a composer of genius to set the words in such fashion that the tones, while appropriate throughout in an elocutionary sense, shall also combine to form a beautiful melodic whole reflecting the prevailing atmosphere of the poem; but this is by no means always the case. On the other hand, the orchestra is magnificently fitted to follow and depict the subtlest, most complex emotions of such a poem: it can speak with twenty voices at once, or there may be one voice emphasizing an emotional detail, while the others are combining to convey the emotion which dominates the whole. We cannot, therefore, expect composers to confine their orchestral effects to the elaboration of perfectly symmetrical melodies, however beautiful or characteristic. On the contrary, we find them engaged in depicting a constantly-changing emotional activity, of which we take dramatic and narrative poetry to be the literary counterpart. It is true that these rapid changes become difficult of immediate comprehension, especially when no clue is given to their poetic basis. That it is possible to discover this, even where the composer has given none beyond his music itself, we have

always maintained. Yet we have to admit that Mr. Archer is right if he chooses to say that for the uninitiate music-lover there exists no certain system of musical aesthetics whereby he may be guided: and he is quite right in saying that such a system ought to exist. We will try and oblige him some day. Meanwhile we have one further remark to make in reply to his pathetic enquiries about the relative merits of "Che farò" and "Tommy make room for your uncle." It is nearly all a question of rhythm, Mr. Archer. Sing "Che farò" twice as fast as it is usually sung, and you have at once a jerky, flippant air. Sing the other piece slowly and smoothly, and you may make of it a pretty valse. But you had better not do anything of the kind.

\* \*

Mr. Isidore de Lara, too, has found an apologist—in the pages of "The Lute." This is what our contemporary has to say about him.

Whether the strivings of Mr. Isidore de Lara to obtain a place of honour amongst the young composers of the day be eventually successful, is a query that calls for a little hesitation before giving a reply. In spite of affectation of manner, there is in his music an earnestness of purpose which needs but prudent direction to lead to good results. At present, however, Mr. de Lara is regarded as a representative of what is termed the "intense school of art," and is therefore exposed at every turn to shafts of ridicule and bludgeons of contempt from English musicians too sober-minded to put up with any sort of extravagance. In a similar spirit, old-fashioned churchmen look upon what they term the antics of the priest, and chapel folk regard the proceedings of the Salvationists Army; yet the smoking censor of the one and the noisy drum of the other may, after all, be indications of the presence of religious life. So, in like manner, the struggling efforts of the "intense school" may denote the presence of artistic zeal.

Now, inasmuch as we have said, in our mild way, that Mr. de Lara, both as composer and singer, represents a school of "art" with which we have little sympathy, we may perhaps venture to offer a gentle remonstrance to "The Lute's" warblings on the subject. We desire to speak with all reverence of a gentleman who may properly be called the Dowager's Idol; and the picture drawn—Mr. de Lara as a kind of musical St. Sebastian, exposed to the shafts of ridicule and the bludgeons of contempt of sober-minded musicians—is too pathetic even for tears. But for intensity of feeling in music we have been consistent advocates, and no one is likely to accuse us of old-fashioned intolerance. So we may speak plainly, and point out that when the emotions which a musician desires to depict are healthy and honest intensity is all very well; but if they are insincere, sickly, unmanly, then they had better be weak—as indeed they must be. No amount of exaggeration or violence will convince the healthy hearer that morbid emotion is anything else; one only has an ever-present consciousness that the lady—we mean Mr. de Lara—doth protest too much. When Mr. de Lara commences to write healthy, manly songs, or to sing them, we shall welcome his "intensity." Unfortunately he has not begun to do so—yet.

\* \*

Before Mr. Quilter's "Universal Review" gave up the ghost its pages contained an interesting article by Mr. Samuel Butler, in which the clever author of "Erewhon" chatted quaintly and pleasantly about what may be called the transmigrations of bodies. He is gifted, it would appear, with a rare faculty of discovering instances of the process, and tells his readers that at different times, and under varying circumstances, he has met all sorts of great people who, having died long ago, have still survived, or rather avatars (let the word be forgiven) bodily with fresh souls. Here are a few names of great musicians who, with the same faces, have got new souls—and situations:—

Handel, of course, is Madame Patey. Give Madame Patey Handel's wig and clothes and there would be no telling her from Handel. It is not only



that the features and the shape of the head are the same, but there is a certain imperiousness of expression and attitude about Handel which he hardly attempts to conceal in Madame Patey. It is a curious coincidence that he should continue to be such an incomparable renderer of his own music. I have never seen Mendelssohn, but there is a fresco of him on the terrace, or open-air dining-room, of an inn at Chiavenna. He is not called Mendelssohn, but I knew him by his legs. He is in the costume of a dandy of some five-and-forty years ago, is smoking a cigar, and appears to be making an offer of marriage to his cook. Beethoven both my friend Mr. H. Festing Jones and I have had the good fortune to meet; he is an engineer now, and does not know one note from another; he has quite lost his deafness, is married, and is, of course, a little squat man with the same refractory hair that he always had. It was very interesting to watch him, and Jones remarked that before the end of dinner he had become positively posthumous.

Michael Angelo is a commissionaire on a Clacton steamboat, and Dante is a waiter in a Swiss hotel. What has become of Wagner, we wonder? Probably he is a barmaid at the Promenade Concerts.

Will not some one found an Academy for Critics? It is really getting to be wanted more and more every day, and it would be dollars in the pocket of anyone who should have the courage to carry out the scheme. Then critics—"warranted competent"—could be supplied, diploma and all, to any provincial or metropolitan paper at the shortest notice; and one would certainly be sent to Jersey. They have concerts sometimes in Jersey, and the local "Evening Post" gets into difficulties thereat. For instance, a concert was given in December, and the "Evening Post" wrote about it, calling it a "Ballard" concert. The notice started by saying that *Miss Fraulein* Ella Overbeck was amongst the "artistes," and proceeded to speak of "that most pathetic of Fosti's songs, 'I want no stars in Heaven to guide me,'" and a "rhapsody by Behrms." From which it appears that a musical "reader" is wanted also.

Some months ago a Nantes paper published an account of an interview with Sig. Verdi, in which the composer was represented as speaking very unfavourably of certain distinguished French musicians. A letter from Verdi to M. Maurel is now published in the "Ménestrel," which clearly shows that the composer's expression have been a good deal perverted or exaggerated. Verdi writes:—

"Dear Maurel: I should like you to get this letter before you leave Geneva. In the 'Figaro' of the 21st (April) there is a paragraph *à propos* of a conversation which is said to have taken place between a Mons. X... and myself, in the course of which I am made to speak very severely of three of our French composers, Saint-Saëns, Thomas, Gounod. I hope you will readily believe me when I tell you that this narrative has been perverted in a bad sense; for what I said could not be offensive to anyone. Muzio writes to me that I ought to reply. Not for the world. But I should be very grieved if these gentlemen, and particularly Thomas, believed the words. You know the regard I have for him, and it is impossible that any word injurious to him can have escaped from my mouth. If you are writing to him tell him of this disagreeable incident. Pleasant journey and speedy return.

"Yours affectionately,  
"G. VERDI."

"Milan, April 25, 1890.

Although the prospectus which the Philharmonic Society has issued of the next season is very incomplete, indications are not wanting that the concerts will not be deficient in interest. The chief novelty promised is Sgambati's "Sinfonia Epitalamia;" besides which work we are to have Dr. Mackenzie's "Ravenswood" music, and Mr. Charles Stephens's Symphony in G minor, already performed at Birmingham. The pianists engaged are Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Stavenhagen, Mr. Lamond, and Mr. Leonard

Borwick; M. Ondricek and M. Emile Sauret are the violinists; whilst among the vocalists are to be found the names of Madame Nordica, Miss Ella Russell, and—as we announced some weeks ago—Miss Giulia Ravogli and her sister.

That there is no royal road to excellence in music has long been held a truism, but an ingenious lady who has been a successful teacher of the art thinks otherwise, and has invented a game called "Crotchets and Quavers," which professes to indicate that desirable pathway. It consists of a large sheet on which music staves are written, and of a number of counters representing notes of various position and value. Each of the players—who will naturally be children—is given a certain number of counters, and is required in turn to help in the composition of a tune by supplying the requisite note. The game—which is published by Messrs. Oatts and Runciman, 21, Fenchurch-street, and is sold at the Army and Navy Stores—should prove very helpful to teachers and to children a very pleasant way of learning the elements of the art.

It is to be regretted that even yet we have no final decision in the actions for infringement of conditions of the Berne Convention which Mr. Moul has brought. An appeal will probably be laid in the case of Moul v. Grönings, decided last week in Mr. Grönings's favour; and whatever may be the result of the Devonshire Park case, in which Judge Martineau reserved his decision, an appeal is almost inevitable also. It is at least fortunate for musicians that Mr. Grönings and Mr. Norfolk Megone have, with their solicitor, Mr. Watson Thomas—who has obviously conducted his cases with the greatest ability—stood to their guns so pluckily.

Señor Albeniz announces a series of ten subscription concerts—five morning and five evening—to be given in St. James's Hall. The first will take place on Jan. 27, at 8:15, when an interesting programme is promised. The accomplished Spanish pianist will of course perform, and will be assisted by Signor Arbos, a violinist who will then be heard for the first time in England, by Madame Giulia Valda, and Mr. Max Heinrich. Mr. Roche will be the conductor.

"Pop"-goers may be interested to know that the Miss Eibenschütz, who is to make her *début* on Monday, appeared in Germany, Austria, and Russia with considerable success at the age of eight. The young lady was, however, wise enough to retire from public life for a time, and placed herself under Madame Schumann, with whom she studied for four years. The results of this will, no doubt, be apparent.

Everyone will learn with regret that Emma Abbott, the well-known operatic *prima donna* is dead. She was first heard in London in 1876, when she appeared in "La Fille du Regiment," but without conspicuous success. In her native country, however, she was warmly admired, and her operatic company was everywhere received with enthusiasm.

The annual conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians was opened at Liverpool on Wednesday, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. Joseph B. Morgan). We shall hope to give a full report of the proceedings next week.

Pressure on our space compels us to postpone a fittingly complete notice of the late Charles Keene, whose death has filled every lover of English art with sorrow. The gaiety of one nation, at least, must suffer some eclipse thereby.

The competition for the "Sainton-Dolby" scholarship took place on Wednesday at the Royal Academy of Music. The examiners were Mr. Max Heinrich, Mr. Frederic King, and Mr. Fred Walker (chairman). There were twelve candidates, and the scholarship was awarded to Maud C. H. Ireland, and the examiners very highly commended Kitty Richardson.

\* \*

The competition at the Royal College of Music for the Savage Club Exhibition, value £40 per annum, took place at the College on Tuesday. It was awarded to Maude Thornton, of Barnes, for pianoforte. The entrance exhibition was awarded to William D. Capel, of Fulham, for organ.

\* \*

The marriage was celebrated on the 6th inst. of M. Jean Jacques Haakman, the accomplished violinist and composer, with Mdlle. Mathilde Paque, daughter of the late eminent violoncellist. *Nos félicitations.*

\* \*

The dates of Mr. Henschel's four remaining symphony concerts are Jan. 15 and 29, Feb. 12 and 28. Madame Nordica will be the vocalist at next Thursday's concert. *Bonne fortune*, Mr. Henschel!

### FRANZ LISZT ON ART-CRITICISM.

(Translated from the German by W. ASHTON ELLIS.)

(Continued from page 11.)

Schumann has said: "Musical criticism affords a yet unmeasured field; for this reason, that the fewest number of musicians can write good prose, and the greatest number of writers are no true musicians. Of both classes, neither knows how to grapple with his task, and therefore musical warfare ends for the most part with reciprocal retreat or armistice. If only those knights would soon appear, who understood to deal out valiant blows!" ("Ges. Schriften über Musik." Vol. I., p. 48.)

How true for all time are also his words: "Only that which has the spirit of Poetry within it can vibrate forth into the future, and the slower and longer its waves, the deeper and stronger were the stricken chords." (Ibidem. Vol. II., p. 203.)

Heaven forbid that we should deny our homage to the men of leading who in the realms of literature, science, and speculative thought, and in every sphere of progress, have won so many fresh tracts of land. Only, it must not be forgotten that their great services by no means justify them in excluding—as has silently been done—the artists from debates upon their own affairs.

Literature can discuss the arts, and can even do so in a way as profitable as brilliant; but to rightly weigh art's works, to find out and recognise the crucial point of their shortcomings and their mysterious charm, will now and ever be beyond her power! Literature can take sense of Art, but only artists can systematically judge it.

The non-artist can only speak of his individual, unauthenticated impressions; for he does not possess the necessary grounds for argument. If his infallibility is to remain unassaulted, he must wait for the ratification of time before he dogmatizes on the causes of his enthusiasm. Therefore Literature, with exemplary prudence, has taken care to occasion no rent in the nimbus of her dogmas by premature admiration. She lets her adepts slip in a few eccentricities—but to her coryphæes she allows naught but unconditioned praise of the past and of its "gigantic, high, deep, ravishing, incomparable, inimitable works!" "Inimitable"—for choice! For then, compared with these, the works of the present, as goes without saying, are only "bagatelles," "fugitive and rickety things," or "clumsy, disproportioned colossi!"

We are far from wishing to refuse admittance to finely organised minds which, without possessing the gift of productivity, yet by their complete penetration of the ideal of Art, attain the power of recognising clearly its conditionments and reading the riddle of its witchcraft. They are not only thrice welcome to the artist, they can also be of great service to him:

inasmuch as they impel him to a comparison, analysis, and testing of the varied impressions that excite his fancy. We could wish nothing better than that a Winckelmann should theorise on laws of art; that a politician like Guizot, incited by some grand subject, should give us the benefit of his pregnant views thereon, the fruit of leisure hours of study; that lively imaginations, such as that of Théophile Gautier or Heinrich Heine, should throw the prismatic reflex of their many-hued poetic thought upon objects by whose charms they have felt attracted; that men of talent and goodwill should devote themselves to the service of a cause in which they are enthusiasts; and we will admit with pleasure, nay, thankfully acknowledge, the thus directed activity of every chosen one. It is not their justifiable literary dealings that seem to us a danger, but the complete absence, or at least the rare presence of professional authorities. For even should the latter bring no extraordinary service to the cause of Art, they would certainly do her no harm; whilst harm is unavoidable, if the dilettantist or venal pen outbalances the pen of artists.

Moreover, we ask: to whom else but to artists does art-criticism belong of right? Whose business is it to decide on artistic matters, if not the business of art's practitioners? And who better than producers, can judge the products of the feeling and creative spirit?

To weed for good and all the realm of Art, to banish the tares, to root up the poisoned wort: the learned will not suffice us, nor politicians and poets, nor well-intentioned partisans! That were too much of arduous toil to lay on them, and they would rightly object that it is not their business. But us it concerns, concerns ourselves, to make clean our house, to cast out from the temple those that sell and buy, and the seats of the money-changers!

Here we can no longer await, with downcast eyes and folded hands, the end of the unlicensed spectacle:—We must out with our weapons, defend our camp, and so entrench it that we may stand in firm possession, masters of our own pavilion!

Authors and poets, we greet you in such a work as friends and brothers! As we take stone, and sound, and colour, for the instruments of our speech, so are ye artists of the word, of the word in rhymed or unrhymed discourse. We know that we too shall find a hospitable welcome with you; only—we pray you, do not give too much protection to your liveried lacqueys, your scullions, and your bottle-washers, nor assure us that they are capital good fellows! Even though the muddy fluid of troubled brooks cannot completely tarnish the broad and mighty stream of Art in which they empty, yet let us avoid the desecration of its limpid flow by suchlike waters!

Well do we know the scruples, by which many artists allow themselves to be held back from journalistic intervention in matters concerning their own interests—scruples which in our eyes are more honourable than keen-wittedness, and for which one well might envy those who suffer by them. They know too well what labour it involves to learn to wield the paint-brush, chisel, and score! With praiseworthy modesty, they hesitate to wield in literary mode the pen, an instrument whose handling they have neither learnt nor practised. With an explicable—but, under existing conditions, exaggerated—regard for Literature, they have lived too long in the belief that only artistic mastery of prose or poetry could justify participation in the discourse of the Press, to be able at once to rid them of this prejudice. In order to figure in type, the best and most intelligent among them—and just those who in this their province should have been the ones to lift their voices—have fancied that it was not enough to have learnt, thought, and pondered much; but that one must also possess the art of expressing the result. As though the article-mongers of the papers had learnt so much, had thought or pondered o'er so much! as though they had the necessary *savoir dire*! The most candid artists might admit, as often as one wished, that they understood a hundredfold better than their critics did, what was the root of the whole matter; they ventured not forward, as if they feared to be given the lie should they depend upon themselves for the needful literary aptitude.

In view of the position which the Press has taken in our present social economy, such an abstention must be declared a distinct mistake. For nowadays it is not so ominous a step to take, to set foot within its columns. Erstwhile the book was a tribune, the pamphlet a stage. Men placed themselves *en scène* when they addressed the public. In the nineteenth century, however, the word "authorship" has lost much of its importance. "Le journal a tué la conversation," they say in France, where piquant interchange of thoughts had become an absolute art, a power so great that its effects had taken on the aspect of a political motor. However, killed it is not! But since the majority of cultured people of every rank and every



nation have given themselves a common place of meeting in the Press, it is transformed.

As Conversation once collected men around the friendly fireside with its ornaments of porcelain from Japan, round the table of a coffee-room, or on the benches of a tavern; so it does now, in the newspaper; everyone according to his respective gifts—true or false, far-seeing or short-sighted, poetical or sophistic. The journal has become a speaking-tube, through whose instrumentation they set aside the bounds of space and time, and parley with unknown sharers of their views. Here no one is exclusively confined to the surrounding which fate or chance has meted to him. Like interests and convictions reach their hands to one another from afar, and sympathetic tendencies from all quarters meet in brotherhood. The audience of a learned entertainment is no longer limited by the size of its *locale*: but this stretches out across all lands and latitudes.

If, therefore, the Press be nothing but a new form of conversation, a new method of uttering thoughts, just as the daily round of affairs and of the world's events awake them in us, and as it mirrors itself in our minds and in our intuition (*anschauung*): why then should a distinguished artist—whereby we signify an "enlightened mind"—lack the faculty of formulating his intuitive (*anschaulich*) ideas and opinions, his feelings and impressions, and of thus contributing his quota to the larger conversation of the press? Even though he confine himself to certain specialities, yet will he ever know of something instructive to say about them. He who but understands his handicraft aright, will, even without any remarkable art of language, be able to express himself better thereon than the ignoramuses who flood the printing-house with their art prattle because the artists themselves offer nothing concerning their own affairs.

When public opinion on art was still clothed in naught but spoken words, and criticism remained unprinted, artists deprived themselves as little as they do now, of the satisfaction of giving utterance to their ideas in the most piquant of allusions and the most apposite of forms, in the course of conversation: why then should they now keep silence, when their words, instead of re-echoing from a hundred lips, will be read by a thousand eyes? Even though they should prove at first a little awkward, what would that matter? The awkwardness would soon wear off, and with a little practice, they would turn out as good magazine-articles as their correspondence shows them treating noteworthy facts or suggestive thoughts in the most genial and graceful style, as for example is evidenced by the collections of letters of the Italian painters. How little labour would it cost, to gather together in one *résumé* of clear and elegantly expressed opinions the essence of these communications of many artists, confided in mutual counsel!

Ce qui ce conçoit bien, s'énonce clairement—  
Et les mots pour le dire arrivent aisément.

On the other hand, it is here no question of "playing the author," but of bringing sound views into circulation, of giving due force to the opinion of competent men. The question of form must yield first place to that of inner content. However much accomplishment of style may be a merit, a charm, or even an additional means to success; yet it is not indispensable, provided the matter of discourse be accurate and correct. For, in the first place, Nature always cares for what is requisite; and where she bestows intelligence, she adds the needful logic for its clear expression; and beyond this the fund of wit or ornament which is desirable for the embellishment of truth and accuracy, may well be won by diligence and individual attentiveness. We have not to strive for glutting of our vanity, nor for literary perfection, but to set ourselves in line and column for the defence of our own fields and pastures, so that at the least we may be reckoned with and considered, when the life or death of our spiritual existence is set upon the cast.

Criticism must more and more become the business of the *productive* artists themselves.

This is an absolute necessity for sake of art. Nor is it merely in the interest of a dubious majority, that we call; but of a minority which is numerous enough to give the tone, and which longs to direct its sincere endeavours to the culture and education of the public taste, and to the conscious and uncurtailed delight in, and possession of, the beautiful.

Against the protest that artists will with difficulty come by a doubled productivity, we assert that, on the contrary, a critical activity will be of the highest use to them; for by comparison and analysis of the works of others, as well as by a summing up of the resultant conclusions, each artist will reap an unconditional profit in the consequent coherence of his own ideas, and in the ripeness of his own reflections. . . .

(To be continued.)

## BRIGHTON MUSICAL FRATERNITY.

The eighth annual dinner of the members of the above Fraternity was held in the Masonic Room, Royal Pavilion, on Saturday evening. The chair was taken by Councillor Botting, who was supported by Mr. W. Kuhe, Dr. A. King, Mr. H. Davey, Mr. G. Crook (Hon. Secretary), the vice-chair being occupied by Dr. F. J. Sawyer. Those present also included Dr. Marks, Dr. Whittle, Rev. E. H. Rogers, Messrs. G. Perren, F. Davey, W. F. Booth, H. Botting, F.C.O., J. Crapps, F.C.O., H. Crapps, Rev. E. H. Rogers, Dixon, W. Baker, Padwick, G. Cole, E. Histed, H. E. Hedgcock, Bigwither, Alford, E. Tebbs, Wasgindt, F. Crook, H. S. Gates, G. Hallett, F. Gronings, E. Field, A. Neall, Cox, and C. F. Goode. An excellent dinner was supplied by Messrs. Booth and Sons, of East-street.—The Chairman opened the short toast list by proposing "The Queen," which was duly honoured. He then alluded to several who had been unable to attend the dinner, and apologised for the absence of his Worship the Mayor of Brighton (Alderman S. H. Soper). The Mayor, he said, had been looking forward to spending a pleasant evening with them, but was prevented by a cold from being present.

Mr. F. Gronings proposed "The Brighton Musical Fraternity." The members, he said, had every reason to congratulate themselves upon the progress and prosperity of the Fraternity, which numbered but three short of a hundred. He traced the gradual growth of the society, and, alluding to its objects, referred to the "Gledhill Fund," which had reached £112, and to urgent cases among musicians which had recently been relieved. The Fraternity was open to all who loved music; it was not governed by any clique; its concerts had proved enjoyable, and the committee were ever ready to receive assistance at those concerts from all who were willing to help. He looked forward to the time when the Fraternity would have a room of their own, furnished with musical dictionaries and periodicals. In speaking of the progress of the Fraternity he said the members were greatly indebted to the hon. secretary, Mr. G. Crook, who had laboured earnestly and zealously in advancing the interests of the society (applause).

Mr. W. Kuhe, who was warmly received, responded. Congratulating the society on its progress, he said it was now recognised as an institution of the town, and would become even larger when better known. The smoking concerts had been a great success. Works not previously heard in Brighton had been performed, and it should be generally known that the society was not established for professors only, but also for those who loved music. Referring to the improvements Mr. Gronings had foreshadowed, he said it must not be forgotten that 2 s. d. must enter largely into their calculations. He heartily wished the Fraternity increased success (applause).—Mr. G. Crook, in responding, said greater numbers would be required before they could launch out into expense. He thought the dinner and concerts were a cheap half-guinea's worth, and hoped to find many of their visitors become members (applause).—Mr. Padwick and Mr. W. Taylor also responded.

Mr. J. Crapps, F.C.O., gave "The Visitors." The Fraternity, he said, had been encouraged by the attendance of visitors at their concerts, and many of those visitors had become members. They had had distinguished visitors from the great village north of Brighton, who had expressed their appreciation of the working of the society. The concerts had been a great success, but the work of the committee in arranging them was more than a casual visitor would understand.—Dr. Marks, of Burmah, responded. He congratulated his old friend and pupil, Mr. Robert Taylor, in being one of the originators of the society, and was proud of the success which he (Mr. Taylor) had achieved in Brighton musical circles. He felt honoured in being present, and testified to the immense progress made in music in the large English towns during the past thirty years. He heartily hoped the Brighton Musical Fraternity would increase in number and prosperity.

Mr. H. Davey, in proposing "The Chairman," said Mr. Botting had not only given the members his presence and encouragement that evening, but had been with them from the commencement of the society. He hoped to see him preside over them at no distant date as Mayor of Brighton (applause).—The Chairman, in acknowledging the toast, said musicians had done more for Brighton than any other body of men. Unfortunately the majority of the Town Council were unmusical. In the Mayor they, however, had one who appreciated good music and one who would, doubtless, assist the fraternity in securing the use of one of the Town Rooms. He hoped to see the Fraternity and the Town Council brought together that they might know more of each other (applause). For his own part he was deeply interested in the Fraternity, and lost no opportunity of introducing

new members (applause).—During the evening songs were sung by Mr. G. Perren, Mr. F. E. Hedgcock, Mr. N. Towell, Mr. G. Crook, and Mr. G. Hallett. Mr. W. Kuhe contributed a pianoforte solo, and Dr. Sawyer and Mr. E. Taylor gave the pianoforte accompaniments. Recitations and anecdotes by Dr. Sawyer, Dr. Marks, Mr. Kuhe, and Mr. C. F. Goode also enlivened the evening.

### TO MISS SUNFLOWER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: There are many true things said in jest, and this ancient proverb is well illustrated in the letter of your correspondent, "Lilian Sunflower," be he or she really jesting or in earnest. I am an old grumbler at Wagnerism, and have had many a bout even at artist-attended dinner-tables with critics in high places—now, unhappily, in one particular case, no more. I have tried sincerely with my feeble lights to see that Beethoven's mantle was worthily worn by Richard Wagner; but for the life of me I am still unable to perceive that as a maker of music—music, mind!—that cannot die he is in the running even with Mendelssohn, or has done anything to beat the best things of Schumann. If anybody says "Bah!" let him cite the work or works, and we will take the opinion of all living musicians—composers, critics, teachers, &c., as the "P.M.G." does about the best hundred books. I don't raise the question of music and drama married. I speak of Wagner as a musician. If a painting by Rafael is not to be looked at unless you hang it about with costly draperies and in a frame three feet deep, studded with precious stones and gorgeous inlaid wood-work, then I should say Rafael's painting could not stand the light on its own unaided merits, and he is not a painter of the calibre the world holds him at.

Now to "Lilian." Your correspondent had been disturbed by the Hallé and Henschel concerts, and after some enlargement upon that then breaks out on the subject of the orchestral music heard at these performances. Both your correspondent and I will be looked upon, I know, as imbued with old-fashioned notions. We have not been born and bred up in the Wagner atmosphere we are told, and never can consequently understand the meaning of his special harmonic, and, of course, melodic tapestry; but, never mind, we will be tolerant, and let both sides have their say without either turning away from the other with that bitter scorn which such differences of opinion so often give rise to. "Lilian" says, "One hears a little bit of tune now and again which seems to struggle through the mass of sound only to be pounced down upon by the whole orchestra like a cat on a mouse; and then there seems to be a general wrangle, in which the poor tune seems to be torn into fragments and gloated over by the instruments in turn." What does your correspondent refer to? Surely the "tune" must be "Vedrai carino," with its accompaniment of muffled drums, violins hissing scintillatingly at the top of the fourth string, and two ophicleides in attendance murmuring a double C, with C flat now and again thrown in to give a pulsation. Mozart, of course, could not rely upon bewitching his hearers without such elaborate framework to his central idea. The renowned Venus does not spit the meretricious taste of our age, which has tired of the strictly classical, such as the admirers of Milo were satisfied with. The ideal of such a form for our times must, we fear, not only be "tinted"; we have passed that stage. We must have paint, feathers, and scalps—something in fact sensational, or the jaded appetite evolutionised out of a sound judgment finds no real satiation. "Lilian" goes on, "Everything but the little tuneful bits seems vague to me." How is it that the orchestral players of Wagner are always, I believe, delighted with his music? So with Brahms, both orchestral and piano players. These gentlemen hate the tum tum accompaniments—no matter if the air they tum tum to is "Vedrai carino." They say "Oh! hang the tune, let's have a big, thrilling, and mysteriously-interwoven noise in which everybody has got something to do. We like a pudding with plenty of stuff in it. Never mind if it's all alike so long as it is filling." I remember well one day I was in the company of poor Bache, and a man was asked to sing something. He agreed to do "Comfort ye my People" from "The Messiah." This was proposed to Bache, but he beseeched the man to take something where there was some pudding in the accompaniment. Handel of course is bald. So are Mozart's accompaniments. Very bald—poor things! How they are to be pitied as compared with the shock-headed accompaniments of Wagner, which are so profusely adorned,

as "Lilian" says, that "only a little bit of tune now [and again struggles through." The modern idea, in fact, seems to be to put the "tune" into a back seat. The accompanist's turn has come—everything comes to the man who can wait—and they are going very considerably to improve the occasion. The prima donnas have had their turn—now comes that of those who have been always looked upon as mere accessories. If a poor ignorant heretic like myself, and those who think with me, argue like this, we are told, "My friend! you are too old to understand the new development. What we describe to you is there, but your perceptive powers are dimmed by your prejudice for those poor things who grew plants chiefly for the flowers on them. We say the Wagnerites admit that the great Richard was perhaps a better hand at constructing leaves than flowers. On the whole, however, we prefer plenty of leaves to too many flowers; because we, the accompanists, being the leaves to the plant, are better able to show ourselves off. This is very ill-natured of course, and uncharitable; but it is something of the same pattern as I set out with—"there are many true things said in jest."

Yours,

Jan. 3, 1891.

ARTHUR CRUMP.

[We hope our Wagnerian readers will not allow Mr. Crump's gauntlet to lie unheeded. But why does he give himself away in such reckless fashion at the outset? "I don't raise the question of music and drama married," he says, "I speak of Wagner as a musician." Surely Mr. Crump knows that the bulk of Wagner's work is "music and drama married." Why should he put asunder what Wagner has joined together, and then complain that a musical half is not a musical whole? If Mr. Crump will mention the music-dramas by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann which he wishes compared with those of Wagner, and the symphonies, concertos, string quartets, sonatas, and other instrumental pieces by Wagner he would like us to compare with those of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, we shall then be able to institute comparisons.—Ed. "M. W."]

### WHAT MAKES A NATION MUSICAL?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

DEAR SIR: Surely it must be apparent to everybody that the thing produced is the outcome of the producer—though not necessarily directly. A grain of wheat is put into the ground, and produces an ear of wheat containing grains of all shapes and sizes (would we but examine them): full and perfect grains, partial or incomplete and empty grains. Now we will call the German nation our original grain of wheat, which has produced its perfect, partial, or incomplete and empty grains—i.e., musicians.

The productions of a grain of wheat make an ear of wheat.

The productions of composers make a nation musical. If anyone goes abroad with the expectation of finding a vast difference—or even a difference without the vast—in people in general, with regard to inherent musical qualities, they will be both mistaken and disappointed.

We are all alike: a populace is a populace all the world over, never mind on what soil planted. Yet, though we are all alike in the main there is just one difference which distinguishes us. Everyone who has read musical history must have been struck by the fact that music was cultivated in Germany, even in the very poorest classes. The old glees and madrigals were sung by the family when the daily work was done, and all assembled for evening recreation and rest. The Volkslieder were sung by the blacksmith, cobbler, &c., at his work; a poor friend as often as not joined in to add his part (we do not ask whether it was in tune or not), and the fathers of families could nearly all play some musical instrument. Music formed part of the daily bread of this truly music-loving nation.

England at last sees the state of affairs produced by neglecting the musical education of the poor. When once the long and difficult job of initiating the poorer classes into the sublime beauties of music—no matter how simple—then she may aspire perhaps to that long coveted epithet, a musical nation; that is, in the respect of bringing forth first-rate (no one who reads this estimable paper can in any possible way doubt what first-rate means) musical composers not in any other way. The fact of our singing in parts alone cannot of course make us a musical nation (we used to do that in the days of good Queen Bess): it depends on what we sing and whether the practice be kept up or allowed to die out.

Yours,

E.A.C.



## MUSIC IN ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MILAN, JAN. 4, 1891.

Saturday evening, 3rd, witnessed the great event of the season in Milan. The grand opera-house was crowded with one of those brilliant La Scala audiences (which have been, alas! somewhat rare of late) assembled to hear and judge two new works: the famous "Cavalleria Rusticana," which has passed triumphantly through other Italian cities, and now has undergone its latest ordeal in Milan, and a new ballet, entitled "Il Tempo," the libretto by the Italian poet Fontana, and the *mise en scène* by Pogna. The new opera, we may say at once, was as successful here as it has been elsewhere, a success which stands out all the more vividly when contrasted with the coldness and gloom attending the recent performances of the "Cid;" every successive evening of whose representations has found La Scala more deserted than the preceding until public interest concentrated itself entirely on the new opera so anxiously awaited last night.

The first applause occurred after the prelude, admirably executed by the orchestra under Signor Magnone, which with the pretty *Siciliana* of Turiddu was encoired. Three other encores took place in the course of the opera—one of the aria of Santuzza, one of the *Intermezzo Sinfonico* (with organ and violin effect), and finally of Turiddu's farewell to his mother. Perhaps a slight account of the plot may not be without interest to those who have not yet seen and heard the opera. It is in one act (readers will remember that "Cavalleria Rusticana" won the prize offered by Sonzogno for operas in one act), and is taken from the clever little drama of the same name by the Italian novelist Verga. No small part of the success of the opera is ascribed to the intensely interesting dramatic power of the story. It is a scene in peasant life in Southern Italy. The personages: Santuzza, a peasant girl (soprano); Turiddu, a young peasant (tenor); Alfio, a young peasant (baritone); Lola, his wife (mezzo-soprano); Lucia, Turiddu's mother (contralto). Santuzza loves Turiddu, who has betrayed her and forsaken her for Lola, his old love, since married to Alfio, Santuzza implores him to return to her, but on his refusal, mad with jealousy, reveals to Alfio the fact that Turiddu loves Lola. Alfio challenges Turiddu, as he is drinking with his companions, to single combat. Turiddu accepts; the two close their compact, after the custom of the country, by an embrace, in which Turiddu (also according to an old custom) bites Alfio's ear, signifying they will fight to the death. Turiddu's farewell to his mother is one of the most touching pieces in the opera. The two go away to fight, and the result is only made known by a woman who rushes in crying "They have killed Turiddu!" This libretto is apparently very slight, but it affords great opportunities for dramatic effects by the different passions displayed in it. The scene is a church—it is Easter morning, the peasants are going to worship.

Madame Pantaleoni made a charming Santuzza, and the rest of the La Scala cast—a highly satisfactory one—was as follows:—Valero, Turiddu; Signorina Fabbri, Lola; Terzi, Alfio. Chorus and orchestra, with some slight exceptions, were good.

Here, the opera as we have said, is a success, which is saying a great deal, considering the high expectations formed of it after its phenomenal successes in other cities. The public of Milan is not quite so enthusiastic as were those of Rome and Leghorn; but it is enthusiastic in a quiet way, judging soberly both merits and defects of the new work. The great touchstone for Mascagni's continued popularity will be his second work. By that he will stand or fall. The young composer was expected to be present yesterday by the way, but was unable to come, owing to the illness of one of his children. Taking all things into consideration, he may well be satisfied with the reception of his opera in Milan; some of the effects obtained in smaller theatres were naturally lost on the vast stage of La Scala, and it is doubly hard to make an impression in a large city like this when fame has raised expectation to the highest pitch.

The music is discussed from such different points of view by partisans of different schools that it is difficult to give a *resumé* of the criticisms. All admit that it has the merits of being clear, simple, easily grasped. The composer has won his success less by single pieces in the opera than by the whole. Then he is accused of being in parts vulgar, without originality, an imitator of various other composers (in fact, cries of "Carmen" were heard after Alfio's song in the first scene, which suggests the Toreador's famous air)—in short many faults are pointed out.

One fact remains, Mascagni's opera is not treated with indifference, and it is successful so far.

The new ballet, "Il Tempo," is not so successful as the new opera; it is pronounced inferior to the former displays of this nature at La Scala. Perhaps too, the subject is not exactly new; it is on the same lines as "Excelsior" and "Amor," which were brilliant successes in their day, a sort of illustration in scenic display of the various phases of human progress. The different ages, races, discoveries, &c., certainly afford almost unlimited opportunity for variety of costumes and spectacular effects, but it is difficult to surpass the magnificence of those former ballets on this same subject; hence perhaps, the indifferent attitude of the public to the present work, which has had to have recourse to more far-fetched episodes in order to present something new—the most evident and brilliant ones having been used up already. The Deluge, for instance, is not the most adaptable material in the world for ballet—and the sudden leap to Spartacus is a little sudden. The "Tramonto degli Dei" is perhaps the most successful scene (Twilight of the gods), but it is not a very original one. The music by Maestro Boniccioli is even less successful than the ballet itself, which is unfortunate in its mixture of scientific and philosophic ideas materialised in choreographic art.

Jan. 5th.

On Sunday afternoon (4th), in the Conservatorium, the Wagner Orchestral Concert, conducted by Herr Felix Mottl, the famous conductor of Carlsruhe and Baireuth, took place. The programme consisted of the "Flying Dutchman" overture, "Charfreitagszauber" (Parsifal), Rheinfahrt (Götterdämmerung), Siegfried Idyll and "Huldigungsmarsch." The concert was a great success, and the second one, Tuesday, 6th, is awaited with enthusiasm.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" was repeated on Sunday evening: it continues a success, but not a very enthusiastic one. They say "It pleases, it will please, but it will pass."

## CHANGE IN MUSIC.

The Hon. Roger North, when his public career was cut short by the discreet disappearance of King James II., and a leisured retirement fed his melancholy, fell to memoir writing and to discoursing, as old men will, on the days of his youth. In those days, music (especially chamber music) had been a lively art, much practised, much discussed, and very greatly loved. But so changed were the times within the span of his own life that when he wrote the "Memoirs of Music" (first edited by Dr. Rimbault), it was with the avowed purpose of snatching from oblivion the names of famous men of music whom he himself had known or whose works had been much in vogue. These men, he assured us, were already forgotten; their works, once universally played, and canvassed, and copied by those zealous bands of amateurs who formed the miniature orchestra of the period, were rotting in damp cupboards and shelves; and their instruments, viols of many sizes and lutes, lay unstrung in their unopened chests, or already, as lumber, were sold for an old song.

Ah, yes! the worth of an old song—it has become a proverb. The pen slips into it before the apposite irony of the illustrations is perceived. And what moral—since to draw a moral from misfortune sometimes saves us from despair—did old Roger draw from these things? What reflection tempered to him the sad and sudden quenching of the first English school of instrumental writers?

"For nothing is more a fashion than musick," he explains; "no; not clothes, or language, either of which," he bitterly adds, "is made a derision to after times."

And of this view Dr. Burney, musical critic and historian, appears in his own person to furnish a practical example. He makes light of the music of an era immediately preceding his; and when his duties force him unwillingly to scan the scores of English composers, frankly and fastidiously says that he does not know how such stuff could be borne. He pleasantly supposes that men must have been then possessed of singularly amiable tempers, and have praised from complaisance what they could not in reality admire. This is like the artless man who explained that there was not really anything in Shakespeare, only people said there was because they were afraid to appear singular. But this man did not set about writing a history of the drama, so that he may be excused.

What would the lively doctor have said if he had been told that the favourite music of his own time would one day also fail; that the enchanting "aria" would appear tiresome and flat to the experimentalist who

from an old sheet might pick out its notes negligently upon the modern piano; that the Italian opera itself was not the topmost pinnacle of the art, but might come to be regarded as an ornamental excrescence very much dwarfed by the subsequent rising of the main structure? Surely his superior smiles would have vanished, his glee have abated, could he have heard a certain poet of our generation naming the very operas in which he delighted only to give point to a general jeremiad on change and decay in music.

But Browning, following Burney's suit in practical condemnation of old music, carries his conclusions further. With philosophic Roger he agrees that there is an ever-changing fashion in music, but he does not, like North, blame the fickle mood of man for this. He justifies human nature here as it has been his special gift to justify it in many of the difficulties and dark riddles of life (for which his utterances have found a comforting acceptance in many minds); and he tries to show that the fault—if the quality of change can be called a fault—is in the essence of music itself. He tries, too, to show forth in words that essence.

This is a hard task, and possibly not many have followed him in it, even among staunch music-lovers or his own admirers. But Browning is the only great literary light of our times who has possessed an intimate knowledge of music, and expressed himself thereupon with originality and care. It is in a late volume, the "Parleyings," which show his inextinguishable optimism, that he argues out a matter that has probably engaged his thoughts before.\*

Why, among the shades whom he drew from a literary Hades for discourse and psychological exposition, he summoned the wraith of Charles Avison—poor Avison! altogether dead, and never very much alive—we may infer. His very bones in their dryness yield a shuddering assent to the argument; whereas from the ghost of Handel or of Purcell might have emanated a silent and obstinately dissentient impulse. But the little known musician seems to have been connected with some childish memories in the poet's mind. Nor is it for the air "Sound the loud timbrel"—still to be found in the bound volumes of aunts and grandmothers—that he recalls him.

"Avison!

Singly and solely for an air of thine,  
Bold stepping 'march,' foot stept to ere my hand  
Could stretch an octave, I o'erlooked the band  
Of majesties familiar, to decline  
On thee—not too conspicuous on the list  
Of worthies who by help of pipe or wire  
Expressed in sound rough rage or soft desire—  
Thou, whilom of Newcastle organist!"

The march, which is considerably printed, serves as a text for the discourse, in which music is virtually declared to be a fashion as fleeting as clothes; nor, like North, does the poet associate it in misfortune with language or literature. On the contrary, he argues that its ephemeral character is peculiar to itself. He does not, to be sure, show the gist of his arguments at once. He is genial, many-sided, humorous, talkative, and shows some disposition to humbug ghosts and reader alike. He styles the march—with apologies to his victims—"a thinnish air effect," but assures him that he has been personally much affected by it; carried away "from to-day and to-day's music manufacturers—Brahms, Wagner, Dvôrák, Liszt"—back to those times when Handel not alone shows in fame (the first rub!) but Geminiani, Buononcini, Pepusch, now all forgotten, alike enjoyed favours and renown. With an implication that old names in music are like the figures of a wax-work show, which just prove that such people have existed, he exclaims:—

"Hear Avison! He tenders evidence  
That music in his day as much absorbed  
Heart and soul then as Wagner's music now.  
Perfect from centre to circumference—  
Orbed to the full can be but fully orbed"; †

\* The same idea in idealized form shines through the whole of his earlier and shorter poem, "Abt Vogler"; but it is not there the chief point; and the very subject of the piece, an organ improvisation—which is necessarily of a transitory character—robs it of significance. And the poet there implies some of the most beautiful things about music that have ever been said. To be sure, Jean Paul has expressed before him (in that highly-wrought scene between twin brothers in the "Flegeljahre") the idea that music speaks to us of that which we have not seen and shall not see; but Browning has some new forms of thought—

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear.  
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:  
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear,  
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know."

† For the right reading of the next lines we require the assistance of a Browning student and a music-scholar combined. They run—

He concedes with Avison that the same music does not absorb heart and soul now. This march is right in the main, he genially assures its maker, and only needs a little dressing up to suit the times.

"What, 'stone dead!' were fools so rash  
As style my Avison, because he lacked  
Modern appliance, spread out phrase unracked  
By modulations fit to make each hair  
Stiffen upon his wig?"

(This is capital, both in criticism and humour. Would that some of our clever composers would read and digest the passage).

Suppose now he, Browning, takes the march in hand, and with the help of that knowledge so unworthily acquired from his master, "great John Relfe," smartens it up a bit to suit present taste. See! he has but to turn it into minor, sprinkle discords broadcast, modulate—without regard to old laws or masters—change enharmonically on Hudl's model, and lo! the difference! How the old thing bristles with life and effect, a fossil verily revived!

Well, we can laugh too, though the laugh here is against ourselves and the modern music that is part of us. For it is clear that though Browning the philosopher may reason on the need of change in music, Browning the man cannot love—any more than North—the change that is discernible in his own time. And the attack is rightly made on some of the weakest points of to-day's art.

But Browning, after this levity, appeases the disturbed spirit of his vis-à-vis.

"Fear no such irreverent innovation! Still  
Glide on, go rolling, water-like, at will—"

And before the last satirical passage he had approached his subject seriously. He begins by the comfortable and isolated statement:

"There is no truer truth obtainable  
By man than comes of music."

He goes on to specify the function and spring of it. Below the actions of men, which are formed from processes of mind, there lies an indescribable something he terms the Soul, heaving and palpitating unseen. It is the inner self, that consciousness which, remote from ordinary forms of expression, yet demands an utterance. But how is it to attain speech, this deep brooding. Something that is more man's essential than the accidents and circumstances of his fate? Is it to such an outlet in art? (Plastic and pictorial art Browning must mean here). Would art suffice? No, he answers, for art is the work of mind not soul.

"We see a work: the worker works behind  
Invisible himself."

Therefore art is impersonal; not a direct manifestation of self, and will not do.

"Who tells of, tracks to source the founts of Soul?"

And again—

"How we feel, hard and fast as what we know—  
This were the prize and is the puzzle! what music essays to solve; and"—  
he immediately adds—

"Here's the hitch  
That baulks her of full triumph else to boast."

It is the closeness of her grasp, therefore, that entails music's failure as a permanent art form. The motion of the wave cannot be crystallized, nor can the restless wave of man's emotion. The quick night's frost will cover such surfaces as offer the right moisture with exquisite prismatic forms, but these must vanish with the morning's sun. So, too, must music's momentary forms—exquisite, too—yield before the changing temperature of the soul. Once expressed (or expressed for a generation, it may be) it is over and done with. Emotion, transitory in nature, seeks ever new expressions.

"Now, could we shoot  
Liquidity into a mould—some way  
Arrest Soul's evanescent moods, and keep  
The alterably still the forms that leap  
To life for once by help of art!"

Then, he implies, might music take precedence of the arts, not alone in subjectivity of expression, but in permanence of effect. And he contends

"And yet—and yet—whence comes it that 'O thou'—  
Sighs! by the soul at eve to Hesperus—  
Will not again take wing and fly away  
'Since fatal Wagner fixed it fast for us)  
In some unmodulated minor? Nay,  
even by Handel's help!"



that when music fails the other arts succeed. The poet has fixed for ever the image of Helen, standing regretful on the walls of Troy in verse that neither time nor fashion can efface. The painter's Eve in Paradise, done in fresco, remains unutterably beautiful for all generations. He calls mockingly like Elijah to the priests of Baal

"Outdo  
Both of them, Music!  
(To be continued.)"

### THE MUSICAL PERFORMING RIGHTS.

As briefly indicated in our last issue, judgment in the case of Moul v. Groenings has been pronounced by his Honour Judge Martineau in favour of Mr. Groenings. For the details of the case our readers may be referred to our issue of October 11, and we need only now recall the fact that it is claimed by the Société that the operations of the Berne Convention, which settled matters of international copyright, are retrospective, and that foreign composers have in this way acquired a performing right in England over works protected in their own countries. As many as two million pieces are, it is said, protected in this way under the agency of the Société des Auteurs, although exactly what works are protected it seems somewhat difficult to ascertain; and, with the prospect of legal proceedings in default, bandmasters and others have been pressed to make an annual payment to the Société for the right to perform pieces that have been played, some of them for years past, free of charge. Such a claim was made upon Herr Groenings, who resisted it, and hence the action against him, proceedings being taken in respect to Mayeur's "Polka Caprice" as a test case.

The solicitors for Mr. Moul were Messrs. Mann and Taylor, Mr. Watson Thomas (of Messrs. Thomas and Hick) appearing for Mr. Groenings.

In delivering judgment in this case his Honour said that the "Polka Caprice" was produced by M. Mayeur about November, 1877. Under the International Copyright Act of 1877 M. Mayeur might have acquired a copyright and a sole right of performance in England in accordance with 7 and 8 Victoria, cap. 12, and the Order in Council made under that Act. But he took no steps to do so. Consequently, so far as England was concerned, the composition in question, both as regards copyright and right of performance, became public property. For some years prior to December, 1887, any person had as much right to print, publish, and perform the "Polka Caprice" as to print, publish, and perform any English composition the copyright or sole right of performance of which had expired by lapse of time. The English publishers, Messrs. Lafleur, did so publish it, and the defendant, Herr Groenings, purchased a copy of it prior to 1887, and performed it on the Pier. The piece, therefore, prior to 1887 became a part of his stock-and-trade and *répertoire*. Plaintiff contended that when the Berne Convention came into operation in 1887 he became entitled to the sole copyright and right of performance in England, just as if the Berne Convention had been in force in November, 1877. But defendant contended that Section 6 of the Convention was not retrospective, and that plaintiff not having acquired the copyright or right of performance in England in 1877 had lost that right for ever. His opinion was that the work was lawfully produced by Messrs. Lafleur when no copyright or exclusive right of performance in England existed; and that the retrospective effect of Section 6 did not make the reproduction unlawful *ab initio*. Beyond that, he thought that defendant had acquired an interest in the work arising not only out of the production by Messrs. Lafleur but also out of its performance by himself. The music was absolutely useless except for the purpose of public performance, and he held that its purchase and performance were lawful, there being no limitation of right to performance over the composition. On a third point he had come to the conclusion that defendant's right and interest in the work in December, 1887, was a right and interest within the 6th Section of the Berne Convention, and, that being so, that defendant was protected by the proviso, and that plaintiff was not entitled to recover. He therefore gave judgment for defendant, and a certificate for costs to be taxed on Scale C, on the ground that the case involved a difficult point of law, and was one of general public interest. He hoped, however, that there would be an appeal, and that his judgment would be reviewed.

The details of the action brought against the Devonshire Park Company, Eastbourne, and their musical director, Mr. Norfolk Megone, were also set

forth in an issue of October 25. We content ourselves, therefore, with a condensed report of the proceedings last week.

Mr. Rose Innes, instructed by Messrs. Mann and Taylor, appeared for plaintiffs; Mr. Cannot for the Devonshire Park Company, and Mr. W. B. Megone for Mr. Norfolk Megone.

In opening the case, Mr. Rose Innes said the works in question were divided into three classes, and he proposed to take one or two pieces from each class as typical of others. The first class included those works that were produced prior to the year 1882 and were not registered in England. The works that came in this class were Massenet's "Scenes Napolitaines," produced in 1880, and Gounod's "Faust," produced in France in March, 1859. The second class were those works that had a perfect copyright in France and a perfect copyright in England, such as Bizet's "Carmen" and Thomas's "Mignon." This class comprised by far the largest number. The third class comprised works produced since 1882 and registered in England. The defendants had been more than once warned by Mr. Moul that they could not perform these works without a license, and that if they persisted in doing so they would be sued for damages. The object of the action was not, however, so much a question of pounds, shillings, and pence, as to determine whether or not the performance of those pieces without the consent of the Société was not a contravention of the Berne Convention and the Order in Council confirming that Convention.

The first witness called was Louis Charles Couchet, a French barrister, who gave evidence as to the law of copyright in France. In the course of his evidence he stated that there was no law in France compelling an author or composer to print any notice of reservation of rights on his publications in order to secure his copyright.

Mr. Moul produced the powers of attorney enabling him to act on behalf of the various co-plaintiffs. He also produced copies of the various works involved in the action, all bearing a stamped notice of reservation of right; but, in answer to Mr. Cannot, he could not say in what cases the notices appeared prior to the Berne Convention. He would not say whether all the copies he produced had been stamped since the Berne Convention. The registration of "Faust" and "Mireille" in England was, he understood, informal. The right of dramatic representations of "Carmen" belonged to the Carl Rosa Company, and all other rights in the work centered in the Société.

By Mr. Megone: He had not a complete list of the works over which the Société claimed the performing right, but he always ascertained from Paris whether a given piece was in the list before he took proceedings. They were now getting French publishers to print on the works they issued a notice as to the reservation of rights. He was desirous, as a general rule, of proceeding against the concert-giver rather than against the artist or conductors; but action had been taken against Mr. Megone because he had been warned and was fully cognizant of the claims of the Société.

For the defence, Mr. William Boosey, of the firm of Messrs. Boosey and Co., music-publishers, was called. He said that his firm had published the "Mireille" overture, arranged for orchestra, in 1866. The copyright was registered, and they purchased the copyright from Chaudon; but in those days the performing right was not considered of any value. The publication of an orchestral arrangement was a matter of considerable expense, and they would never have published it had they suspected such a claim as this would be made, as the music would be of no use whatever except for the purpose of public performance. He believed that very few copyrights would have been purchased by English publishers if the composers reserved performing rights. His firm claimed a vested right in such publications, as in their production they had sunk hundreds of pounds which would be confiscated if this claim of performing right held good. The same would apply to the *répertoire* of the Devonshire Park Company.

By Mr. Megone: He considered that concert-givers and conductors had a valuable vested right in their *répertoire*.

Evidence to a similar effect with regard to other works was given by Mr. Arthur S. Chappell, Mr. Oliver Hawkes, and Mr. J. Newrick (Lafleur and Sons), music publishers.

The defendant, Mr. Norfolk Megone, proved that he had played numerous works involved in the action some time before the passing of the Berne Convention, and that the copies he produced bore no notice of reservation of rights.

After being addressed at length by counsel, His Honour reserved judgment, remarking that there were several points about this case that were totally different from the Brighton case.

## The Organ World.

### EXETER HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

A large and appreciative audience assembled on Saturday evening last when the first recital of the series was given by Dr. C. H. Tur in, F.C.O., assisted by Madame Annie Marriott, Miss Adelina Dinelli, and Mr. E. d'Evry. The pieces were admirable arranged, and the selections well calculated to interest both the musician and ordinary listener. The most important items were Mendelssohn's Fifth Sonata, with which the programme commenced, and Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (Vol. IV., p. 24 Peters). The rendering of the latter, owing to Dr. Turpin's well-known opinions concerning the tempo at which such compositions should be taken, was of special interest to organists, many of whom were present.

Owing to the many different *tempi* which this well-known organ piece includes, obviously no better example could have been selected to show the value of Dr. Turpin's opinions on this important matter. If to some the performance lacked brilliancy it must be conceded it was characterised by a clearness and dignity of far greater value and charm, while the artistic manner in which the stops were used and the thematic groups phrased must have afforded a valuable lesson to many organ students. Another noteworthy performance was that of an arrangement of the Andante from Beethoven's Quintet in E flat, op. 16, for piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, the wind parts of which peculiarly lend themselves to reproduction on the organ; and on this occasion, under the artistic treatment of Dr. Turpin, most advantageously displayed the fine quality of the solo and reed stops. Mendelssohn's overture for wind instruments, written in 1824, was also another happy selection, and English organ writers were well represented by Henry Smart's Andante in A. Madame Annie Marriott sang with her usual effect Verdi's "Ernani Involami," a new and melodious setting by Percy Palmer of Mrs. Browning's well-known lines, "Unless," which secured for the vocalist an encore; and Gounod's "Ave Maria," the violin air in the latter being played by Miss Dinelli. This, too, was repeated, as was also an expressive rendering by the last-named lady of "Handel's Largo." The programme was instructively annotated, but the last-named piece can scarcely be described "as an arrangement of an air from one of Handel's early works," since the composer was fifty-three at the time of its composition; and the opera "Serse," in which this contralto aria, "Ombra mai fu," occurs, was one of the latest of his thirty-nine operas. Dr. G. C. Martin, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Miss Clara Samuells will be the performers this (Saturday) evening.

The organ on which these recitals are being given is built by Messrs. J. W. Walker and Sons, and is an extremely fine specimen of English organ building. The tone of the reeds and solo stops especially is of a highly satisfactory character, and that of the diapasons full and round, while that which is of perhaps even more importance, as being greatly conducive to the enjoyment of the listener, is the admirable proportion of its power to the size of the fine hall in which it stands. The instrument has seven stops on the pedals, five of which are of sixteen feet tone and one thirty-two feet; eleven stops on the great, an equal number on the swell, seven on the choir, and ten on the solo organ. These are acted upon by four manuals and a pedal board of two octaves and a fifth. Swell pedals and tremulants are provided to both swell and solo organ, and the arrangements of stops and other details, which have been carried out in accordance with the resolutions passed at the College of Organists' Conference in 1881, are well calculated to afford every assistance to the performer.

### NOTES.

The Christmas number of the "American Churchman" contains the following interesting remarks, suggested by a recent correspondence in these columns, on a question which seems as difficult of solution in the new world as in the old.

"Organists in this country, more perhaps than in England, are very apt to feel that they are in no way responsible to the rector of the parish for the music of the Church. They perhaps allow him to appoint the hymns he would like sung, but there are many to whom it never occurs that there is any obligation resting on them to confer with him as to the character of the music he would like, or in any way to consider him in their musical

arrangements. If they satisfy the committee on music and please the congregation, that is enough. Now here are two points worthy of consideration: First, the music committee. What is their special function? What says the law? 'It shall be the duty of every minister with such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his church.' If the music committee be composed of persons skilled in music they may properly act under the law, as what? Directors of the music? Are they to decide whether Haydn's and Mozart's masses are to be used for communion services, or those of the English school? Or whether 'Jesus, lover of my soul' is to be sung to the tune from Hymns A and M, or to 'When the swallows homeward fly'? According to the law, certainly not. If they be 'persons skilled in music' the rector may call them in to assist him in the selection of the music. That is all. But how many music committees are composed of persons skilled in music? Not many we fear; so few indeed that no one would for a moment suppose that this was the function of the music committee. But there is another clause in the law: 'Especially it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.' . . . The second point we have suggested for consideration is the taste of the congregation, respecting which it would be very difficult to secure any accurate consensus. Some will want a service entirely congregational, with a liberal infusion of Moody and Sankey hymns. Others will have nothing but Bach and Palestrina. Some clamour for two female voices to supplement the male choir, and get up the vocal pyrotechnics for the Sunday exhibition; while others will have nothing of any school but the English. The purists will have Psalm and Canticle only to Gregorian settings, which many denounce as rugged and archaic, demanding Anglican chants. As it is quite impossible to have a musical service which will please everyone, the Church has wisely put all authority into the hands of the 'minister of the parish,' and the responsibility rests on him. . . . It would seem to be the duty of the music committee then to make contracts with approved singers, organists, &c.; to arrange for the payment of their salaries; to see that needed supplies are bought; to raise money for special purposes—extra singers and services, as well as to have an oversight, as we say above, over the *personnel* and deportment of all engaged in rendering the music of the Church. If they be competent to give advice, and the rector asks it, they may further aid him by their taste, knowledge, and experience. If the rector be a musician (not such a *rara avis* as it was a few years ago) he will not need suggestions from us. If not, and he be a man of good common sense, he will follow the Church's direction and secure an organist who is musically and religiously the right man, and hold him responsible for the music. But that organist cannot afford to ignore his rector, though he may know little practically or theoretically of music."

The deduction to be drawn from this would seem to be that music committees do not solve the problem of the musical character of the service. For this the English organist may be thankful, since they are less likely to be instituted in this country. It is far easier to please one man than a committee, especially if thorough musical knowledge be not a necessary qualification of its members.

A carol service was held at Chigwell Church on the 28th ult., at which carols by Ouseley, Goss, Bending, and C. W. Pearce and another were given, and solos from the "Messiah" were well sung by Mr. H. Clinch and Master Frederick Williams. The anthems were Gounod's "Noël," and "Arise, Shine!" by C. F. Lloyd. Mr. H. Riding, F.C.O., presided at the organ with marked ability, and an interesting address on "The Music of the Bible" was delivered by the vicar.

An indication of the growing taste for high-class music among East-end audiences may be found in the programme of last Sunday afternoon's Organ Recital and Sacred Concert at the People's Palace, in which figured such names as Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Cherubini, together with other composers of lighter calibre. Mr. B. Jackson, the "people's" organist, was assisted on this occasion by Mr. Eliuh J. Mitchell, who sustained the vocal part of the entertainment, and made a very favourable impression.

Mr. W. de Manby Sergison will conduct a performance of the "Messiah," with full orchestral accompaniment, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, on the evening of the 30th, at 8. The public will be admitted without tickets.

The Rev. John Hampton, Warden of St. Michael's College, Tenbury-



has been appointed Precentor of Hereford Cathedral, in place of the late Sir F. A. Gore-Ouseley.

## REVIEWS.

[From MESSRS. SAMPPSON LOW, Fetter-lane, E.C.]

"The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer, with accompanying tunes. Third edition, revised and enlarged." The fact that this collection of hymns should have passed through three distinct stages of development affords sufficient proof that the object of its promoters has been attained—viz., the presentation in one volume of the popular hymns of our day. From this fact, and the large circulation of the hymnal amongst those commonly termed the Low Church party the present edition presents much that is of interest to the musical student, for it forms an index of the musical progress and appreciation of those who are generally regarded as most jealous of innovation. On the whole the progress indicated by this edition is decidedly satisfactory, though the collection still contains many specimens that will excite the wrath of the cultured organist. Many of the hymns of the second edition have given place to more worthy specimens of hymnology and the compositions of forty-five more or less well-known writers have been added, and the whole rearranged and renumbered. It is also satisfactory to see that the added fourth verse to "Lead kindly Light," styled by the late Cardinal Newman as "an unwarranted addendum by another pen," has been omitted, or rather relegated to the appendix, where it modestly appears as "a sequel." To place this hymn, however, amongst those set apart for "Evening Prayer" seems to give a literal meaning to the words which ill accords with the spirit of this exquisite little poem. On the other hand, with a strange perversity, the favourite parting hymn, "Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise," appears in "Sundays after Trinity." The setting of this hymn is, however, one of the remarkable features of the present edition. The words are set to Dr. Hopkin's beautiful and impressive tune, "Ellers," the same as in "Ancient and Modern," but arranged for unison singing with varied harmonies for each of the four verses. Such an eminently congregational method can scarcely be too highly commended. With the powerful organs now in ordinary use it is more easy and less disturbing to a large congregation to impress change of sentiment in the words by change of harmonies than by violent contrasts of fortissimos and pianissimos, while the variation of the harmony effectually prevents the abominable practice so frequently indulged in by members of congregations of singing a third below the tune. Equally commendable is Dr. Vincent's setting of some lines by Bishop Heber and Baptist Calkin's arrangement of the Rev. J. S. B. Monsell's communion hymn, "Lord to whom." In both these the melody only is to be sung, while varied harmonies are written for the organ. In other hymns certain verses are directed to be sung in unison, after the model introduced in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." Like most popular collections however, of hymns with tunes, the character of the latter are often strangely at variance with that of the former, the only apparent reason of their union being their mutual popularity. As a consequence the accent and rhythm of the lines are often ludicrously ignored, as in hymn 173. In such cases it is to be hoped that the alternate tunes, to be found in the "appendix," which cause the accents to fall in their right places, will be the most generally adopted, although the contiguity of the former to the words seriously militates against this probability. Again, are such lines as these still "popular?"

"Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead, and claim my peace with God."

Surely the version, and especially that of the second line in the above verse, found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" might have been adopted without endangering the popularity of the "third edition." It is no light task to edit six hundred hymns, especially when most of them are popular ones, and any change is calculated to be resented, but, having altered so much, it seems a pity the editors did not do a little more. Since, however, the volume is edited by such skilled and experienced musicians as Sir John Stainer, Dr. D. J. Wood, and Dr. Charles Vincent, it must be presumed its faults and incongruities are too dearly prized by those who sing these hymns for the editors to venture to correct them. This conclusion is not a cheering one, but since each edition has recorded an advance on the preceding, we must place our hopes on a "fourth edition."

## FOREIGN NOTES.

The last day of 1890 was distinguished by the production, at the Opéra Comique, of "L'Amour vengé," a piece in two acts, with music by M. Maupéou, a composer hitherto unknown to the stage, whose work however had gained the prize in the "Cressent" competition. It is described as agreeable, but without anything original or striking. At the last Conservatoire Concert on Dec. 28, a symphony in G minor by M. Lalo was played, which the French journals describe as new, but in "Grove's Dictionary" a symphony in the same key by Lalo is mentioned as having been produced in 1887. It is not clear whether the work just performed is the same or not. On the 27th ult. the Société Nationale gave a concert consisting entirely of works by its late director, César Franck; the programme including the quartett in D, the quintett in F minor, a Prelude, Choral and Fugue for piano, and two vocal pieces for female voices; a chorus entitled "La Vierge à la crèche" and another from the opera "Hulda." The selections were well executed and very well received.

\*\*\*

Besides the operas already mentioned in this column as in preparation, three others by well-known French composers are nearly ready: "Tamara," by M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, "Lancelot du Lac," by M. Joncières, and "Néron," by M. Lalo. This last is not an opera, but a spectacular piece to be performed at the Hippodrome, of the same class as the "Jeanne d'Arc," which, with the music of M. Widor, has been such a great success at that establishment.

\*\*\*

The death of Gade was, it appears, remarkably sudden. On Sunday, the 21st, he conducted the usual performance in the Holmens Kirke, but in the evening he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and died in the course of the night. The funeral was attended by the whole Royal Family, and numerous foreign princes and artistic celebrities sent tokens of respect and affection.

\*\*\*

Herr Ondricek has given four concerts at Vienna with such success that it is said on each occasion the hall was crowded to the last place. The critics explain it by the fact that the prices charged were exceptionally moderate, a full hall where the audience have all paid for their seats being a very exceptional phenomenon in Vienna.

\*\*\*

Senor Sarasate has been playing Dr. Mackenzie's "Pibroch" at Frankfurt, under the direction of the composer. The merits of this beautiful work seem to have been more appreciated by the public than by the critics.

\*\*\*

The Rosé Quartett party in Vienna, now perhaps the chief in that city, contemplates a tour through the chief cities of Italy, to begin when their season at Vienna terminates. The taste for chamber-music seems to be growing in Italy.

\*\*\*

The "Trovatore" and the "Gazzetta Musicale" publish lists of the new operas produced in Italy during the past year. The former paper names fifty-nine, the latter only fifty-two; but both seem to admit that the only two which can be regarded as having obtained any striking success are Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," produced at the Costanzi Theatre of Rome on May 18, and Catalani's "Lorely" at the Teatro Regio, Turin, on February 16.

\*\*\*

The "Trovatore" contradicts the report which has been published in many papers that Baron Franchetti, the composer of "Asrael," has been removed to an asylum for the mentally afflicted. On the contrary, he was in Florence a few days ago in excellent health and spirits; and it is now said that the report refers to another person of the same name unconnected with the composer.

\*\*\*

Tschaikovsky's new opera, "Pique-Dame," was produced at S. Petersburg on the 19th ult. with great success. The *mise en scène* was superb, and the best artists of the Russian stage were engaged. The composer was recalled a great number of times. At present it is too early to speak of the merits or the permanent success of the work.

## The Dramatic World.

### "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 7TH JANUARY, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDHOUSE,—

Here is a New Year delightfully begun! I have been to see "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum, and I could write you with facility a letter twenty pages long about my enjoyment—but that I must have some thought for yours. A letter of any reasonable length, however, I merely cannot write: so I will content myself with jottings.

*Imprimis*.—I have seen "Much Ado" at the Lyceum thrice—twice in 1882, once in 1891—and I don't think I ever in my life enjoyed three evenings more. (I had previously seen it at the Olympic, the Haymarket—I think it was—the Adelphi and the Gaiety: and had acted in it myself at school! But these old plays wear well.) At the same time, and making no allowance for the enchantment of distance, I think that the present Lyceum performance is even better than that of nine years ago; and is, indeed, the best performance of an old play that I have ever seen. Daly's very best is altogether unworthy of comparison with it; and even the Français has a great deal of conventionality to throw overboard before its most finished presentment of Molière is to rank with this highest achievement of the Lyceum in Shakespeare. (I admit, though, that this is very easily the Lyceum "best on record"; only the wonderful "Hamlet" even approaches it.)

For the play itself. It is young Shakespeare: Shakespeare perhaps before he had learned that life is not all a comedy. "They do but jest—poison in jest"; and Claudio has some very good fun between his visit to Hero's tomb and the betrothal to his second bride. But Beatrice and Benedick are glorious and living beings, and Dogberry a magnificent caricature—and extremely human! Then the whole thing is such a delight—and acts so well, so vividly, now that it is turned of three hundred! I could but think (with the historic Scot) "Whaur's Harry Ibsen the noo?"—and, though nothing is more uncritical than to let one work of art blind us to the beauty of another, I did warmly congratulate myself on the fact that I was seeing "Much Ado About Nothing" and not "Ghosts."

Let me note that the alterations made in adapting the comedy to the stage are, on the whole, much more workmanlike and less irreverent than those commonly made in Shakespeare's plays. The piece is not among those very long ones which absolutely need ruthless "cutting"; indeed on Monday night the first four Acts ran off so rapidly that I was amazed to find that they had taken two and a half delightful hours with them into the Ewigkeit. Act the Fifth dragged a little, I admit; it was in parts taken slowly, but I am not sure—I whisper it trembling—I am not absolutely sure that the omission of Beatrice and Benedick's last garden-scene would not be allowable. The only really wicked "cut" in the play is that of Dogberry's heavenly scene with the "old man who will be talking," a scene which need take actually no time, for quiet carpenters could be setting the cathedral-scene behind—and so were five minutes of a long "wait" saved.

For the acting. I don't know that the *ensemble* is, or could be, much better than that of 1882: the first effect of the play as a whole was then, as now, wellnigh perfect. But now it bears taking to pieces better—almost every individual performance is one of great merit, in its degree; yet now, as always, nothing obtrudes.

The mastermind has blended all—acting, grouping, scenes and music—into one delightful and harmonious whole.

Among the improvements in the cast I should be inclined to reckon the lady and gentleman who play Beatrice and Benedick. Mr. Irving is firmer than of old, less restless, more at home: he brings out the humour of the part more vigorously than before—dotting his i's with little blots of ink that the gallery-boy furthest off cannot fail to see. Indeed, there is nothing of the precisian in Mr. Irving's treatment of this character, "high comedy" though it be: nor does he disdain repetitions of the text, nor even—breathe it not to the New Shakspeare Society—certain time-honoured "gags" which have survived from a more reckless day. But Mr. Irving has done a good work, and I know Shakespeare would have forgiven him more than this.

And Miss Terry's Beatrice! "There was a star danced, and under that was she born"—this is true, for I have seen it written in her own hand. How shall a man go about to praise perfection—or that which is as near perfect as human work has ever been? In 1882, I admit, I should have said, in speaking of her creations, "Olivia and Portia first: then, perhaps, Beatrice." But now there is the something of a surer, a firmer touch, which was possibly needed: and nothing more exquisite has ever been seen than this Italian lass. She all light and laughter, and yet instinct with poetry and sympathy: her comedy does not jar in the church, she helps the scene of sorrow as she creates the scene of fun. She does not, I admit, hint, with Shakespeare, that Beatrice in her excess of life has a distant kinship with Katherine: nor has she that sense of rhetoric which now and then the language asks. But then—*could* she, with her qualities, have qualities so opposite? And would anyone change hers for any conceivable others? (I will not give the answer to this conundrum; it is too easy.)

But there are other people acting in this play; several. I only wish that I had time to praise them all, and that adequately. It does not seem to me, for example, that, in the criticisms which I have read, anything like justice has been done to Mr. Terriss's performance of Claudio. I know that originally there was nothing more vividly to be remembered in the whole play than Mr. Forbes Robertson's acting in the church-scene; I admit that in those five minutes he was even finer than Mr. Terriss—which is high praise; but taking the play all through I can only say that I recollect no Claudio to be compared to the present. With his admirable delivery of verse, his splendid vigour, his fine voice and presence, Mr. Terriss makes of a difficult and thankless part that which it properly should be—the hero of the play.

It is foolish to be annoyed at what one cannot help, yet I allow that one line of the Lyceum playbill annoyed me. It ran simply thus—

Leonato ..... Mr. Wenman.

There is no finer comedian on our stage, I take it, than Mr. Wenman; and I did not like to see him, if not wasted yet half wasted, on these Shakespearian solemnities. (This sounds irreverent; but if you had seen Mr. Wenman in "Our Friends," or "Nine Points of the Law," or "Coralie," or "A Fool's Paradise," you would understand me.) But the dignity, the power, the certainty and stage-knowledge of his Leonato justified that playbill. A little indistinct at first, after an Act or two there was nothing stronger in the play than this performance.

It is absurd to try to give you in a paragraph any *real* idea of the value of such artists as, let me say, Miss Fresh, the most winsome and sincere: Mr. Haviland, a wholly admirable John: Mr. Macklin, full of life and vigour as Don Pedro: Mr. Tyars, whose soldier of fortune stood out from the first moment: Mr. Bishop, a living picture of the splendid Friar: and the veteran



Mr. Howe, heartily welcomed for his choleric Antonio. But all were good; and lesser parts were played—as Mr. Weller had it—“comformably.”

*Manet Dogberry*: almost the most difficult task of all, now that the art of playing Shakespearian clowns is hardly even a tradition. Compton built all that was best of his fame on Touchstone and Dogberry; the former was perfect, as the latter might have been with only a touch of that passion which the actor entirely lacked, in the great “write me down an ass” speech. Of later Dogberries the most satisfactory, in my remembrance, was Mr. Righton—more completely intelligent than the late John Clarke Mr. Anson, or Mr. Sam Johnson. But, when he has got past the overmastering nervousness of the first night Mr. Mackintosh promises to stand high among recent Dogberries. He was terribly fidgety, very slow; but these things will disappear, and his real humour and real passion will remain. He should soon give us such a Dogberry as his magnificent make-up foretold—and as the Lyceum “*Much Ado*” has hitherto needed.

The scenery is perfect, as of old: the garden a dream, the cathedral magnificent: and the stage-pictures and moving groups are throughout most glorious. And the music, be it “in the abstract” good, bad or indifferent, is as theatre-music beyond all praise: I think it doubles the value of the play! It is quite a question whether the excellent R. Wagner, seeing this piece, would not have said, “This is what I meant: this is a music-drama: I will not trouble my characters to sing any more. If they talk Shakespeare it will be quite good enough.” For which, all thanks to Mr. Meredith Ball; and due praise to Mr. Robertson, who sings his lovely song very sweetly.

Finally. Coming away from the Lyceum after this comedy, nine years ago, I heard a lady say “How bad this must be for all the other theatres!” She meant financially, of course; and, as I believe that the public like a *very* good thing when they see it, I agree with her.

Your optimistic

MUS IN URBE.

## THE DRAMATISTS.

### LXIII.—AUGIER.

As the eternal seesaw of literature goes on, and a Cowper is followed by Byron and Shelley, and these by a Tennyson and he by Swinburne, so the inevitable reaction followed close upon the successes of the Romantic revolution in the French theatre. The ponderous Classicists were overthrown by opponents not only younger but far mightier than themselves; and then against Hugo and Dumas there rose up what was called a “school of commonsense.” The chief master of this school was, of course, the great dramatist whom even M. Zola has called the leader of the modern French stage, Emile Augier; but its founder was a careful and scholarly playwright—the good M. Ponsard, now almost as thoroughly forgotten as the poet to whose place in the Academy he succeeded, Baour-Lormian.

The true leader of the revolt against Romanticism was, perhaps, rather the great Rachel than the estimable Ponsard. It was her acting in the masterpieces of Racine which inspired the poet; he wrote a new classical tragedy on the subject of Lucretia, and it obtained a success by no means ill-deserved at the Odéon in 1842. Later, at the Français, his “*Charlotte Corday*” was received with an enthusiasm of which the subject no doubt accounted for a great part. In 1853 a bitterly satirical comedy, “*L'Honneur et l'Argent*” made a deep impression—even more, perhaps, as a sermon than as a play; but it was not till 1865, when the poet was fifty-one, that he produced his masterpiece, “*Le Lion Amoureux*”—perhaps as good an example as one can find of its school: the modern, sensible, moral French tragedy in smoothly-written verse.

But from Ponsard to his friend and comrade Augier is a great stride. The younger man—Emile Augier—was born in 1820, and produced his first play in 1844—began with plays in verse, which stood in something the same

relation to the opposing classic and romantic schools as Ponsard's tragedies; but his later and greater works were for the most part in prose, and were a direct reflection of the life of their time. They were intended as a counterblast, not so much to the work of Dumas père and Hugo, but to the false sentiment and imperfect logic of the younger Dumas. From first to last, however, “School of common sense” was as good a label as one could desire to tie to the comedies of Emile Augier.

This being the case, it is not to be wondered that the author of the “*Gendre de M. Poirier*” has been a high favourite with the critics, and especially with English critics; and this, again, made a reaction certain and pretty soon. When Augier died, in the autumn of 1889, the critics of the newest school were agreed that it was the best thing that he could have done. He had been so long the Aristides of the drama that ostracism was inevitable.

He had, of course—as his heartiest admirers we admit it—the faults of his quality: his precious quality of commonsense. That wretched poor relation “commonplace” is too apt to push itself in where the head of the family is honoured; and in all but some half a dozen of Augier's plays it has—to our thinking—obtained some foothold. Perhaps one may say that great commonsense is likely too often to check enthusiasm: and Schumann spoke the highest truth when he told us that “without enthusiasm nothing real is accomplished in art.”

Allowing this, one may reduce the list of Augier's veritable masterpieces to six—“*L'Aventurière*” (produced in 1848), the famous “*Gendre de M. Poirier*” and “*Le Mariage d'Olympe*” (1855), perhaps “*Les Lionnes Pauvres*” (1858), and very certainly “*Les Effrontés*” (1861) and “*Le Fils de Giboyer*” (1862). Even in judging these works one must allow for the important facts that the “*Mariage d'Olympe*” and the “*Lionnes Pauvres*” failed on the stage, and that the two comedies in which Giboyer appears have not been lasting stage-successes. Nor can one forget that while Sardou and even Dumas fils have been acted all over the world, the plays of Augier are seldom seen out of France. In England, indeed, the only successful adaptation from his work has been “*Home*” (“*L'Aventurière*”)—in which there was so very much Robertson and so very little Augier that it can hardly be said to count.

But, if his actual stage-plays have scarcely crossed the Channel, the influence of Augier has been deeply felt; it is hardly too much to call him—as the inspirer of Robertson, and hence of all who have followed him—the creator of our modern English comedy. And a noble influence was his; noble works they are, those histories of all that was best and satires of much that was worst in the Paris of the middle of the century just ending. There are few volumes, indeed, of the playwright's library more thumbed than those which contain the best of Augier: which is to say, the very best of one of the most brilliant theatres the world has known. Witty as a Parisian must be, Augier was yet manly enough to be moral: and set against the mainly false Marguerite Gautier the absolutely true Olympe. A thorough dramatist, he yet wrote comedy which was not good merely for the stage; his men and women—the Marquis d'Auberive, Poirier, Séraphine—have flesh and blood enough to stand before us in the study, living and breathing, without help of Got or Coquelin. There is perhaps no play of the century which the student would less willingly let die than “*Les Effrontés*.” Here, as in all its author's work, we have the upper class of French society as it was during the Second Empire: the venality, the vanity, the energy of the new plutocracy, the helpless jealousy of the aristocracy whose day was done; the brilliant, cynical press, the women elegant and delightful—and, with all, the constant presence of goodness, generosity, honour, which, unlike the poets of a later school, Augier never lost faith in, never forgot to paint.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

“The Silver King,” “Our Boys,” “Sweet Lavender,” “The Private Secretary”—these are the plays of the last dozen years which the public has most delighted to honour; and the revivals of those among them which are old enough to be revived have tended to prove that the public taste was in some measure right in so approving them. The experience of recent revivals has pretty well established this rule—that a great popular success bears resuscitation better than a moderate success, though the critics of the earlier day may very probably have declared that (for example) Byron's “*Cyril's Success*” would outlive a hundred “*Our Boys*.” But “*Our Boys*”

is to-day pretty nearly as fresh as when it was written; and so is our excellent friend "The Silver King."

The play has, indeed, changed so little that there is very little to be said about it. The first Act is still as strong melodrama, the second as telling and finely imagined as ever, the third as pathetic, the fourth as irrelevant, the fifth—fortunately—as brief: for five acts are many for a melodrama, and "The Silver King," like most very successful plays, is a very long one. No doubt the playgoer of 1891 is glad that he has "The Middleman" and "Judah" instead of their more transpontine forerunner; but "The Silver King" is an exceedingly good play of its kind—and not at all a bad kind either.

And it is still capitally acted. Mr. Wilson Barrett knows how to extract every ounce of effect from Wilfrid Denver, and Brother George every possible tear from Jaikes; while the minor characters, if they have not a Willard among them, are, with no exception at all, well played—Mr. Ambrose Manning, the Corkett, being among the best of the new comers. That Miss Winifred Emery is the best Nellie Denver our stage has seen needs hardly to be said; yet one is not sure that the large Olympic is so suited to her graceful style as the little Vaudeville.

Speaking of the Olympic, one cannot but find an extraordinary pathos in the following paragraph, clipped from Tuesday's paper:—

"A play of much promise by Mr. Chas. Hudson, entitled "Father Bonaparte," is down for immediate production at the New Olympic. It is the author's intention in the event of the success of the play to retire from acting, and devote himself entirely to writing for the stage.

Alas, our "previous" friend!

There is a good time coming. As thus:—

Next Tuesday, "Woodbarrow Farm," at the Vaudeville.

Next Thursday, "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket.

Next Thursday (afternoon), "The Holly Tree Inn," at Terry's.

Next Saturday, "Joan of Arc," at the Opera Comique.

Here is a merry week for you—especially if you be dramatic critics. "Joan of Arc" as a burlesque strikes one as particularly provocative of merriment; there ought to be some rare fun at the burning of the virgin hero, the martyred peasant-girl. A keen sense of the humorous is indeed a blessing.

Just as Mr. Gladstone never had so extravagant an admirer as the "Saturday Review"—which believes him able even to control the weather, and abuses him if there is a fall in the temperature in January—so have Mr. Clement Scott's warmest friends never claimed for him the power with which he is credited by Mr. Grundy. "I hate my Scott with a C because he is Clement (in the wrong place)," says Mr. Grundy in last Saturday's "Eca." "I also hate him with a D, because he is Damnatory (in the matter of one Ibsen and myself)." And so through the Alphabet, ending with, "I hate him from Alpha to Omega, because he is Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, all powerful over the British drama. An intimate friend of mine whom I love with a G because he is Grundy) assures me that he and a few others could raise the English stage to the giddy height of the Norwegian—were it not for Mr. Clement Scott; instead of which they go about writing improper comedies." Seriously, one cannot but think that Mr. Grundy had something useful to say—and something in a measure true; but he has spoilt it and falsified it by overstatement.

"Jane" has "caught on" to the extent of having extra *matinées* on Wednesdays. Happy Mr. Nicholls, who is to be seen twelve times a week at Drury Lane, and heard eight times at the Comedy!

"Beau Austin" has not had a long run at the Haymarket, but the impression that it has made is unmistakable. Many critics are, in consequence, now pointing out how much they really admired the piece from the first.

Two changes in the cast of "The Pharisee." That admirable actor, Mr. W. H. Vernon, now takes the part originally played by M. Marius, invalided, and Mr. Edmund Gurney makes the *bout de rôle* of the family solicitor stand out.

On the 15th, at Terry's Theatre Miss Vera Beringer's benefit and fare-

well—for a time—to the stage. Unlike more mature actresses, she does not retire into matrimony but into school; also unlike them, she does not profess that this retirement is final—but, indeed, rather hints that "a day will come," perhaps some four years hence.

An unusual fault is to be found with the performance now given at the late Imperial—now merely "Aquarium"—Theatre; it is too well rehearsed. The body of "subjects" who troop on to the stage at Mr. Kennedy's call go through their performance—which is of the "variety knockabout entertainment" order—with precisely the knowledge of the stage and the "low comedy" tricks of the provincial actor of the roughest kind. Such fun as one has at the Mesmeric Entertainment—and it is genuine enough, if at first extremely painful—is exactly what one sees at Nottingham Goose Fair or a north country "gaff."

There was a sound of revelry at "The Lane" on Tuesday night when the Baddeley Cake was cut and Mr. Fernandez made his accustomed speech. Of course Mr. Harris gave a gorgeous supper, and the band of the Scots Guards played under Mr. Holland's direction. The actors and actresses danced merrily, but Lady Dunlop sat in a box.

## REVIEWS.

"Charles Gounod. His Life and Works." By Marie Anne de Bovet (Sampson Low).—"It is not forbidden to erect literary monuments to the living, although statues may be withheld." Thus is it written in the preface to this volume. Far from forbidding, one is rather disposed to welcome such "monuments," for if friends flatter, their knowledge and admiration of their hero enable them to produce a warmer, more life-like picture than is possible to the biographer or critic. Mme. de Bovet proposes to narrate solely the artistic life of Gounod, but we get also a few glimpses of his private life: we see him in his study "a sanctuary of Art:" in the theatre at rehearsal; on a visit, as an unknown composer to Mme. Viardot. Gounod's early life, his studies at the Conservatoire, and his visits to Italy and Germany are briefly described. His well-known love for Mozart dates from an early period. When fourteen years of age he heard "Don Giovanni" for the first time, and "he astonished his mother on his return from the theatre by his enthusiasm." "You seem very fond of that music," she said to him. "Oh, mother," he answered ecstatically, "it is not that music—it is music!"

Gounod, like Berlioz, won the Prix de Rome only after repeated efforts. On the advantages which the Eternal City presents to students Gounod is most eloquent. The authoress says:—

"Faithful to the predilections of his youth, Gounod still talks with enthusiasm of the three years he passed at the Villa Medici. Rome! . . . The name should be written in capitals and followed by a whole line of notes of exclamation to convey the sound of his voice when he utters it. Rome!—Palestrina and the Sistine Chapel, the 'Last Judgment' and the 'Dispute of the Blessed Sacrament,' the Campagna with its melancholy distances, the aqueducts of Claudius, and the blue Sabine Mountains! Rome! initiation into the Beautiful in every form, Poetry, Love, Light! 'To see,' says Gounod, 'is to enjoy. Future life will be nothing more than universal vision, and Rome gives us a terrestrial foresight of that vision.'"

And here is something also on the subject of Rome which may be taken as a specimen of the excellent style of Madame de Bovet:—

"The Eternal City of 1840 was not that of to-day. It was Pontifical Rome, the capital of Christendom, with countless churches and convents reared on the ruins of Paganism, where the gorgeous processions of the Holy Week passed over the sepulture of Olympian gods, where the ashes of the first martyrs mingled with the dust of ages; the stupendous city where a dead civilization threw its glorious shadow over the paling lustre of a falling power—the city of the Cæsars and the Popes, infinitely more poetical and majestic than the vulgar capital of a constitutional State, fashioned after the caprices of modern politics."

The composer's operas are briefly noticed. Of the first, "Sapho," a curious fact, not referred to here, is mentioned in L. Pagnerre's "Charles Gounod." Gounod studied composition at the Conservatoire, under Reicha, whose "Sapho," produced in 1822, was his last effort for the stage. His pupil made his *début* with a work of the same name; and there was this in common between master and pupil that neither was very successful. Madame Bovet, however, has a good tale about Reicha, which is as follows:—

"When at last Madame Gounod took her son, then thirteen years old



to Professor Reicha, and submitted to him the simple attempts at composition which Gounod now calls, 'My musical rubbish,' the old contrapuntist said to the mother, 'This child knows everything—I have only got to teach it to him.'

The following about the "Garden Scene" in "Faust" is well worth quoting.

"But it was not pious reverence for Goethe's work which actuated M. Carvalho when he wished to modify this particular scene; he would not consent to the ending of the act without a good, loud, regular finale of 'ensemble' after the approved Italian style, and that instead of this traditional conclusion the curtain should fall on a satanic peal of laughter which is not even sung. What would the public, what would the critics say to anything so revolutionary? It is well known that at one time Gounod was regarded as an iconoclast. 'One is always somebody's Wagner,' says M. Barbier when he recalls these incidents."

Madame de Bovet, though sharing in the general admiration for "Faust," personally owns to a preference for "Roméo et Juliette." But we cannot dwell upon operas so well known as those of Gounod. Of his sacred works she acknowledges that England made the success of "Redemption," and especially of "Mors et Vita." In a concluding chapter we learn some of Gounod's opinions about music and musicians. Great composers have as a rule appreciated their predecessors, but not always their contemporaries. Gounod thought Rossini "the most limpid, broad, and lofty of lyric authors." His estimate of Meyerbeer is remarkably good.

Gounod considers Meyerbeer as a master, but not a genius. His musical stock, the clay he moulds is of secondary quality, and in his field the tares grow with the wheat. His inspiration is often luminous, but never absolutely pure, and may be compared to those large diamonds whose quality is not of the finest water."

But we must bring this short, and, so far as the merits of the book are concerned, unduly short notice of the volume to a close, and we cannot perhaps do better than give Madame de Bovet's closing words:—

"Having reached the end of this study, which had to be long because the subject was so important, my aim will be attained if I have shown how lovable is the man, how great the artist. Both are equally sympathetic and interesting. I do not think that a single dissentient voice will be raised when I say that Gounod is a genius who gains by being intimately known. No higher praise can be awarded to any human being."

The volume contains an excellent sketch and facsimilies.

[FROM STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER and Co.]

"A Silent Voice," words by Joseph Bennett, music by Frederic Cliffe. The composer of this song, which was introduced by Mr Arthur Oswald at a Popular Concert recently, has well caught the spirit of Mr. Bennett's graceful lyric. The theme upon which the song is largely built is somewhat less striking than the splendid skill and variety of the thematic development, or the harmonic writing which is remarkable for boldness and freedom. Of course a song is not to be matched with a Symphony; but "A Silent Voice" may be taken as quite worthy of Mr. Cliffe's reputation.

[FROM NOVELLO and Co.]

"Twelve Song by Purcell," edited and arranged, with pianoforte accompaniments, by Wm. H. Cummings. These compositions may be regarded as so many rich and rare jewels carefully preserved and handed down as heirlooms to the present generation. Very characteristic, dainty, quaint, are these specimens of the native musical art of the bygone age. They will charm those who care for genial though unbackneyed melodies, and curiously appropriate harmonic treatment and setting.

[FROM PATERSON and Sons.]

"Album of Six Songs." Composed by Hamish MacCunn. These songs (separately two shillings each) can now be had in one excellently printed volume for four shillings. With the exception of "A Heart in Armour" and "To Julia Weeping," both previously noticed in these columns, the songs are all of the "Andante Expressivo" character, and have tender and original melodies with elegantly-written accompaniments. They require a tasteful and sympathetic singer, but are not otherwise difficult. The composer has chosen to set "The Ash Tree," "I'll tend thy bower," and "I will think of thee my love" in the rather old-fashioned strophic form. "Fair is Love," words by G. Barlow, from "The Pageant of Life,"

music by Hamish MacCunn. A delightfully fresh and charming song, the accompaniment of which, both in rhythm and harmony, shows much delicate fancy.

[FROM WEEKES and Co.]

"The Good Old Days." Words by G. Hubi Newcombe, music by Gerard F. Cobb. This song is, as it professes to be, written in the "old style." The tune is of the hale, hearty, homely English character, with a suitable and well-harmonized accompaniment. The words are bright and merry, and the three verses are musically alike.

"Eventide" (words by Sir Walter Scott, music also by Gerald F. Cobb) has a simple and reposeful melody suitable to the rural scene described by the poet, but there is a sense of monotony in the frequent repetition of the opening bars. The song is easy both to sing and to play.

## "THE MESSIAH."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

MY DEAR SIR:

About "The Messiah."

You asserted—and, after a fortnight's reflection, you repeated the assertion—that Handel's "Messiah" would have been just as popular had the music been far less fine than it is.

I am willing to hope that you meant that "The Messiah" owed much of its popularity to its subject; but you should have said so.

For, as it stands, your statement—unless supported by the fullest proof—smacks of that feeble cynicism which is among the surest signs of mediocrity.

And it is not only entirely unsupported, but easily disproved.

As for taste. Not many musicians, I imagine, will venture to assert off-hand that "The Messiah" is not the greatest as well as the most popular of oratorios.

To go on. Plenty of oratorios on the same subject, and with synonymous names, have long since passed into the limbo of the unremembered. (There was once a "Light of the World"—but never mind.)

More than this. I counter-assert that what the public most highly prize in "The Messiah" is its highest quality: its enormous, overflowing, unfailing force. For sheer strength I don't suppose that "The Messiah" is surpassed among the achievements of mankind.

There, sir, is matter for debate which should last you comfortably through 1891. Be grateful to your benefactor.

BUONONCINI.

1st January, 1891.

[We quite share our correspondent's admiration for the strength and beauty of the "Messiah," but our arguments were directed against the general public, and left out of consideration the small remnant of the elect who are really capable of appreciating the music *quid* music. These apart, we are prepared to adhere to our general statement as substantially accurate. Had we supposed that any of our readers would have preferred to misunderstand us we would have avoided generalisation.—Ed. "M.W."]

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: In your issue for last week I came across (in your notices of concerts) the following extraordinary statement:—

"Mr. Clive sang with great dignity and fervour, scoring a noteworthy success with "Thou shalt break them."

Now I was always under the impression that Mr. Clive was a *bass* singer, and if my impression is correct, and your reporter quite serious, I can fully appreciate the "uniqueness" of the performance, apart from its "exceeding badness." With apologies for troubling you,

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

WALTER J. LOCKITT.

23, Westlands-road, Clapham-park, S.W.

P.S.—Is it possible that there is a barbarous arrangement of the air for *bass*? Such things are sometimes done!

[Alas! *Humanum est errare*. Our correspondent may see, in the *lapsus calami* to which he refers, another proof of the exceeding badness of the performance. Not even a critic could pass through it unharmed.—Ed. "M.W."]

## CONCERTS.

The perennial popularity of the "Messiah" was strikingly attested by the enormous audience at the Albert Hall on the 1st inst. The excellence of the renderings of the choruses by Mr. Barnby's choir is an old story, and it is only necessary for us to speak of the quartet. Miss Macintyre sang the soprano music with much expression—too much expression, one is almost tempted to say. Madame Belle Cole was as artistic as ever, and the same may be said of Mr. Edward Lloyd. Considerable interest attached to the *début* of Mr. Norman Salmond in oratorio, and the dramatic power and vocal excellence of his rendering of "Why do the Nations" fairly astonished his audience. He is obviously destined to take high rank as a singer of oratorio.

The larger part of the audience at the first Popular Concert of the New Year doubtless found its principal interest in the performance of Herr Stavenhagen, but its chief attraction to musicians was the opportunity afforded to them of renewing their acquaintance with Brahms' Sextet in G major. This beautiful work is less frequently performed than its predecessor in B flat, although for what reason it would be hard to say, if somewhat less obvious. Its melodies are as fascinating, as those of the earlier work, and the composition, judged as a whole, is more romantic in conception, colour, and treatment. Its performance on Monday evening would have been more effective if Mme. Neruda's violin had been tuned in perfect accord with the other instruments. Herr Stavenhagen's renderings of Chopin's Prelude in D flat and Liszt's Rhapsodie in C sharp minor were what might have been expected from such a gifted artist, and he was equally happy in his performance of the pianoforte part of Beethoven's early sonata for pianoforte and violin in F. Mr. William Nicholl, although obviously suffering from cold, gave great pleasure to his hearers by his thoroughly artistic singing of Auber's "Descendi, O sonno" and two gipsy songs by Dvůrák.

The audience which assembled—or rather, crowded together—on Monday to hear Mr. Grossmith's latest addition to his *répertoire* of recitals was obviously eager to laugh. The intention was laudable enough, and Mr. Grossmith was equally ready to give his hearers something to laugh at. He railed in his witty way against the weaknesses of the society of which he is so popular an ornament, but which seems to enjoy being bantered by him: his jokes were as smart, his imitations as clever, his music as bright and attractive as ever. The new sketch is entitled "The Drinking Fountain," and describes the ways of the various mild philanthropists who assemble at the residence of "Miss Smith" to assist at the inauguration of a new drinking-fountain in memory of the late lamented Smith. Miss Smith's arrangement of her back hair; the luncheon; the "little music" in the drawing-room after lunch; and the clever duet *à la* Balfe, sung by Miss Smith and Mr. Tinley Potts—these are the chief things whereof Mr. Grossmith sings or speaks in his latest "effort." It is as funny as any of its predecessors—which is to say a great deal.

## PROVINCIAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

MANCHESTER.—Sir Charles Hallé gave his tenth concert on the 2nd inst. Haydn's "Oxford" symphony in G major was specially interesting as the composition chosen for presentation at the Oxford Commemoration in 1791, on which occasion the honorary degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon the composer. As such we should have expected a learned production, abounding in contrapuntal devices, and developed at great length; but in place of this we find a comparatively unassuming work, the principal characteristics of which are geniality, playfulness, and pleasing melody. The symphony was remarkably well played, and received with great applause. The same may be said of Gade's "Mariotto" overture, one of the last but not most important works of the recently deceased composer. Mr. Willy Hess played Beethoven's D major violin concerto, Bruch's romance in A minor, and Laub's *pôlonaise* in G. Beethoven's concerto has been given here on twelve previous occasions, so that in choosing this work an artist renders comparison inevitable. The

present performance, though admirable in many respects, did not compensate us for the omission of some other less familiar work. The shorter pieces by Bruch and Laub are two effective movements, differing greatly in style. Both were played in a manner which would have told us, had we not already known it, that Mr. Hess is a violinist who will at no distant time take rank as a great virtuoso. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel sang two duets, "Caro! Bella!" from Handel's "Giulio Cesare," and "Je vais rester" from Boieldieu's "Le Nouveau Seigneur," with a mutual sympathy which might with advantage be taken to heart by many of the local vocalists present. Of the songs, two admirable specimens of Mr. Henschel's powers as a composer pleased us exceedingly. They were entitled "Malgre l'éclat" and "Morgens als Lerche."

GLASGOW, MONDAY, 5TH JANUARY.—On New Year's Day the Glasgow Choral Union gave their twenty-fourth annual performance of the "Messiah," and as is always expected to be the case, the hall was crowded with a huge assembly of lovers of this work. The soloists were Mme. Fanny Moody, Miss Dews, Messrs. P. Newbury and Charles Manners, who all were well received. Mr. Joseph Bradley conducted as usual, and Mr. Berry presided at the organ with ability.

## WHY SHOULD MUSIC BE PLAYED?

"I am wayward and gray of thought to-day. My soul is filled with the clash and dust of life. I hate music. I hate this eternal blazoning of fierce woes and acid joys on the orchestral canvas. Why must a composer be played? Why must this tone-weary world be further sorely grieved by the subjective shrieks and indecent publications of some man wrestling in mortal agony with his first love, his first crime, his first thought of the world? Why, ask I, a tired music critic, should music leave the page on which it is indited? Why, in a word, should it be played? I pause for an answer.

"How much of the beauties of a score are lost by being translated into rude living tone! How vulgar those climbing arbutus-like arpeggios and subtle half tints of Chopin sound when played on that rude instrument of wood and wire! I shudder at the idea. I feel an Oriental jealousy of all those beautiful thoughts nestling in Chopin's, Schubert's, and Schumann's scores being laid bare and dissected by the pompous pen of the music critic. The man who knows it all. The man who seeks to transmute the unutterable and ineffable delicacies of tone into terms of speech. And newspaper speech at that! Hideous jargon, I abominate you!

"Last night Schumann's gloomy 'Manfred' overture was played by the orchestra, and the strings were rather weak," writes the critic. 'Yesterday the sky was tender, the air like a molten melody, a rhythmical caress in the waving trees—but the streets were muddy.' Pah! it sickens me. I am in the 'Manfred' mood myself. I feel as Schumann did when he sought to translate the melancholy morbidity of Byron's poem into tone. Yes, the strings may be weak and the streets muddy, but why see it? and oh, worse still, why say it? For have we not the sunshine and the laughter of children and woman's beautiful gaze?

"I see your smile and hear you gently murmur that the 'Raconteur' has that divine toothache of the soul yecept the 'blues.' No, you are wrong. I am suffering from too many harmonic harangues. I long for the valley of silence, Edgar Poe's unreal valley, whence no sigh disturbs the amber atmosphere. Why can't music be read in the seclusion of one's heart? Why must we go to the housetop and shout our woes to the universe? Walt Whitman's 'barbaric yawp' over the housetops of the world is being daily repeated in this latter decade of the nineteenth century, with its increasing appliances for torturing one's aural sensibilities.

"From horse cars to symphonies, all, all is a conspiracy against silence. One's thoughts become vocal, dream fugues shatter the inner walls of one's consciousness and the doctors solemnly call it insomnia.

"This spiritual dyspepsia of mine leads me to giddy heights of exaggeration. I love the written word, or the note, the written symbol of the musical idea. Say what you will, some music, like some verse, sounds better, so to speak, on paper. As with a palimpsest, we strive to unweave the spiral harmonies of Chopin, but they elude us like the sound of falling waters in a dream. Those violet bubbles of prismatic light he blows for us are too intangible, too dream haunted, to be played."

THE "RACONTEUR" IN THE "MUSICAL COURIER, N.W."

The Greatest of all Pianofortes. THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.  
The Greatest of all Pianofortes. THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.  
The Greatest of all Pianofortes. THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.



## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

1 Insertion (not exceeding 4 lines) .....	20	2	0
13 do. o. ....	1	1	0
28 do. do. ....	1	15	0
52 do. do. ....	3	3	0

Payable in advance.

## CONDUCTORS and COMPOSERS.

**Mr. F. GILBERT WEBB,**  
1, CHESILTON ROAD, FULHAM, S.W.

**Mr. ALBERT VISETTI,**  
Professor of Singing, Composer, and Conductor,  
14, TREBOVIR ROAD, EARL'S COURT, S.W.

**Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER, A.R.A.M.,**  
Composer, Conductor, Lecturer,  
SHERBORNE, DORSET.

**Mr. G. B. LISSANT,**  
Organist St. Augustine's, South Kensington, S.W.,  
81, HALSET STREET, CADOGAN SQUARE, W.

**Dr. F. J. KARN (Mus. Bac. Cantab.),**  
Composer, and Teacher of Harmony, Counterpoint, and  
Composition.  
70, PARK ROAD, HAVERSTOCK HILL, N.W.

## VOCALISTS—SOPRANOS.

**Madame VALLERIA,**  
Opera and Concerts,  
BOSWORTH HOUSE, HUSBAND'S BOSWORTH, RUGBY.

## TENORS.

**Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN.**  
All communications to be addressed  
40, FINCHLEY ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

**The Chevalier SCOVEL,**  
The American Tenor,  
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT, 1890-91,  
LYRIC THEATRE.

**Mr. HOLBERRY HAGYARD,**  
Principal Tenor Trinity Coll., Cambridge,  
For Concerts and At Homes,  
Address—TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

**Mr. WILLIAM NICHOLL,**  
1A, WIMPOLE STREET,  
CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

## CONTRALTOS.

**Madame BELLE COLE,**  
Oratorio and Concert,  
Business Manager: W. B. HEALEY,  
10A, WARWICK STREET, W

**Miss ELEANOR REES,**  
Concerts, Oratorio, &c.,  
26, GLOUCESTER CRESCENT, REGENT'S PARK, N.W.  
Or N. VERT, 6, CORK STREET, W.

**Miss MARGUERITE HALL,**  
Concerts, Oratorio, &c.,  
38, BELSIZE ROAD, N.W.

**Madame OSCAR POLLACK,**  
Concerts,  
56, DUCHESS ROAD, EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

**Miss JANET TATHAM,**  
Professor at the Hyde Park Academy of Music.  
For Concerts and at Homes.  
Lessons Given.  
Address—38, MINFORD GARDENS,  
WEST KENSINGTON PARK, W.

**Miss FALCONAR,**  
Oratorio, Concerts, &c.,  
24, OPPIDANS ROAD, PRIMROSE HILL, N.W.,  
or Business Manager: W. B. HEALEY,  
10A, WARWICK STREET, W

## BARITONES.

**Herr RAGNAR GREVILLIUS,**  
Concerts, Oratorio, and Operas,  
SCANDINAVIAN CLUB, 80 and 81, STRAND, W.C.

**Mr. WILFRED CUNLIFFE,**  
For Concerts and At Homes,  
74, GLOUCESTER PLACE, DORSET SQUARE, N.W.

## HARP.

**Mr. W. T. BARKER,**  
Concerts, At Homes, Receptions,  
49, EBURY STREET, BELGRAVIA, S.W.

## VIOLIN.

**Mr. LEONARD FORBES-ROBERTSON**  
Gives Lessons on the Violin.  
22, BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.

## BASS.

**Mr. FRANKLIN CLIVE,**  
Concerts, At Homes, &c.,  
44, GT. MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**MR. ROBERT NEWMAN (Bass)**  
For Concerts, Oratorios, etc.  
9, CAMBRIDGE AVENUE, KILBURN, LONDON, N.W.

## PIANOFORTE.

**Madame de LLANA**  
(Diplômée and Prize Holder of the Leipzig Conservatoire)  
is open to accept engagements for Concerts and "At  
Homes" and a limited number of lessons. Address  
25, GROVE GARDENS, HANOVER GATE, N.W.

**Miss ANNIE GRIMSON, A.R.C.M.,**  
(Hopkinson Gold Medallist),  
Solo Pianist,  
Lessons on Pianoforte and Theory,  
53, MOUNT PARK ROAD, EALING.

**Madame GEORGINA BURNS and**  
**Mr. LESLIE CROTTY,**  
Address—57, BRONDESBURY VILLAS,  
KILBURN

## LIST of PORTRAITS that have appeared

IN THE  
MUSICAL WORLD

1880—May 4.	Edward Grieg.
May 11.	Carl Rosa.
May 18.	F. H. Cowen.
May 25.	Senor Sarasate.
June 1.	Frederic Cliffe.
June 8.	Prof. Herkimer's "An Idyl."
June 15.	Fraulein Hermine Spies.
June 22.	Signorina Teresina Tua.
June 29.	Madame Marcella Sembrich.
July 6.	Madame Backer Gröndhal.
July 13.	Sir John Stainer.
July 20.	Madame Lillian Nordica.
July 27.	M. Jean de Reszke.
Aug. 3.	Charles Dibdin.
Aug. 10.	Joseph Holman.
Aug. 17.	Madame Sarah Bernhardt.
Aug. 24.	Frau Amalie Materna.
Aug. 31.	Herr Van Dyck.
Sept. 7.	M. Johannes Wolf.
Sept. 14.	Madame Patey.
Sept. 21.	Mr. Arthur Oswald.
Sept. 28.	The Bayreuth Conductors.
Oct. 5.	Miss Rosalind F. Ellicott.
Oct. 12.	Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Oct. 19.	Dr. Bernhard Scholz.
Oct. 26.	Madame Patti-Nicolini.
Nov. 2.	Johannes Brahms.
Nov. 9.	Professor Villiers Stanford.
Nov. 16.	Arrigo Boito.
Nov. 23.	Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Nov. 30.	Miss Marianne Einsler.
Dec. 7.	Madame Trebelli.
Dec. 14.	Mr. J. H. Bonawitz.
Dec. 21.	Robert Browning.
Dec. 28.	Miss Grace Damian.
1890—Jan. 4.	Mr. Plunket Greene.
Jan. 11.	Mr. Frederick Corder.
Jan. 18.	Madame Georgina Burns.
Jan. 25.	Professor Arthur de Greef.
Feb. 1.	Miss Margaret Macintyre.
Feb. 8.	Mr. J. L. Toole.
Feb. 15.	Miss Caroline Geisler-Schubert.
Feb. 22.	Browning's "Stratford."
Mar. 1.	Mr. Leslie Crotty.
Mar. 8.	Miss Marguerite Hall.
Mar. 15.	Mr. Hamish Mac Cunn.
Mar. 22.	The Late Dr. Wylde.
Mar. 29.	Mr. Frederic Lamond.
April 5.	Dr. G. C. Martin.
April 12.	Miss Agnes Janson.
April 19.	Mrs. Langtry.
April 26.	Miss Zélie de Lussan.
May 3.	Mr. Bernard Staven.
May 10.	Miss Fanny Moody.
May 17.	Madame Teresa Carreno.
May 24.	Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.
May 31.	Mr. J. J. Paderewski.
June 7.	Moritz Moszkowski.
June 14.	Madame Sophie Menter.
June 21.	Miss Ada Rehan.
June 28.	Herr Willy Hess.
July 5.	Miss Janocha.
July 12.	M. Sapellnikoff.
July 19.	Mr. Hermann Vezin.
July 26.	Mr. Willard.
Aug. 2.	Miss Amy Sherwin.
Aug. 9.	Mrs. Kendal.
Aug. 16.	Signor Platti.
Aug. 23.	Signor Foli.
Aug. 30.	Mr. F. E. Benson.
Sept. 6.	Madame Clara Schumann.
Sept. 13.	Mr. Edward Lloyd.
Sept. 20.	Miss Dorothy Dene.
Sept. 27.	Mr. Charles Santley.
Oct. 4.	Henrik Ibsen.
Oct. 11.	Miss Kate Chaplin.
Oct. 18.	Dr. H. H. Parry.
Oct. 25.	Sir Charles Hallé.
Nov. 1.	Senor Albeniz.
Nov. 8.	Mr. F. Barrington Foote.
Nov. 15.	Lady Hallé.
Nov. 22.	Rev. H. R. Hawes.
Nov. 29.	Miss Giulia Ravogli.
Dec. 6.	Dr. E. Bach.

The above can be obtained with the accompanying issues of the paper Post Free 3/4, per copy.

# ASCHERBERG PIANOS.

---

"I only perform an act of justice when I ascribe my successes to a great extent to the excellent Instruments from your factory, on which I was favoured to play before the public. Remain convinced that I shall at all times and everywhere give preference to your Pianos over all others, and accept the assurance of my unbounded esteem.

Respectfully,

VLADIMIR VON PACHMANN."

---

ASCHERBERG PIANO DEPOT,  
46, BERNERS STREET, W.